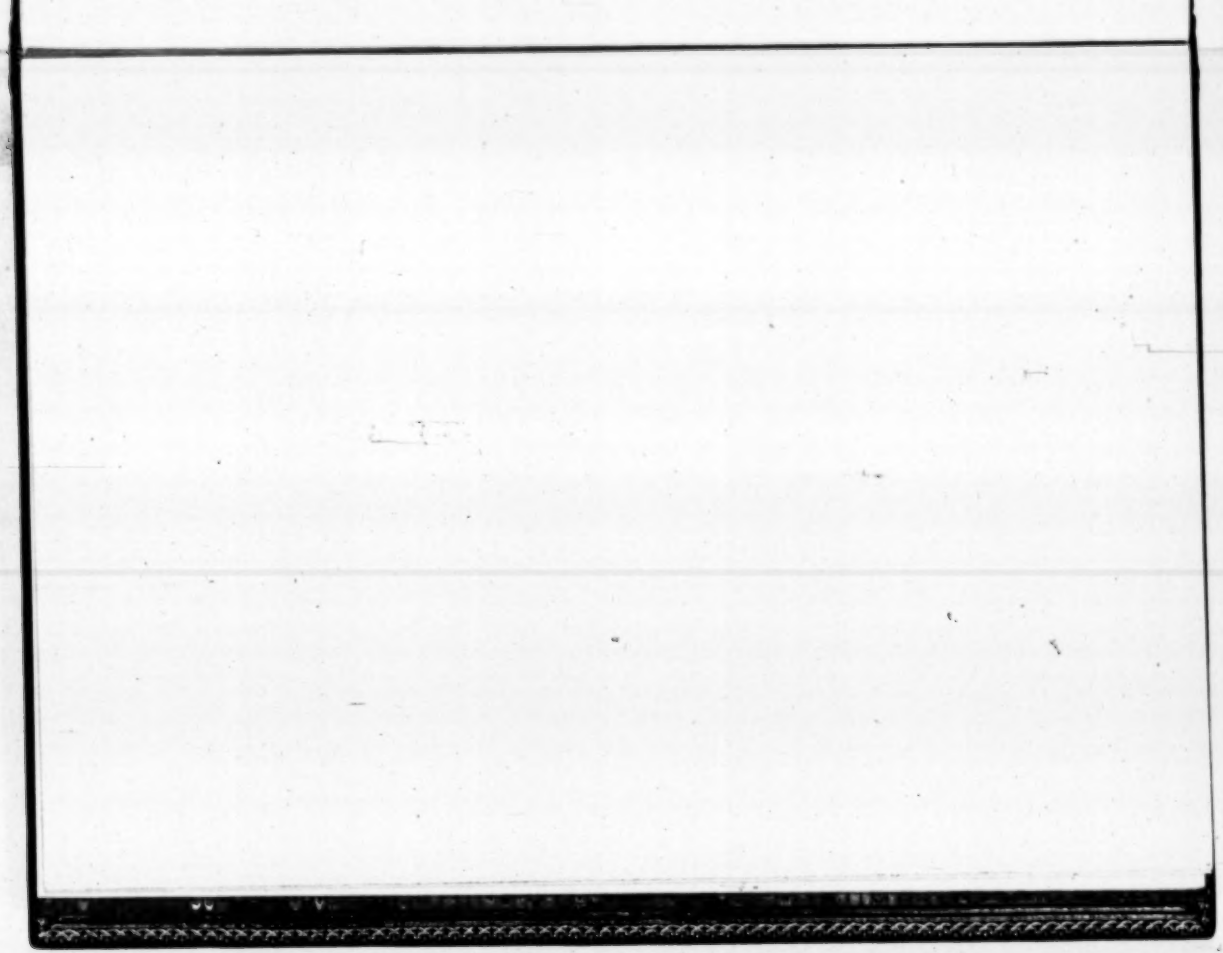
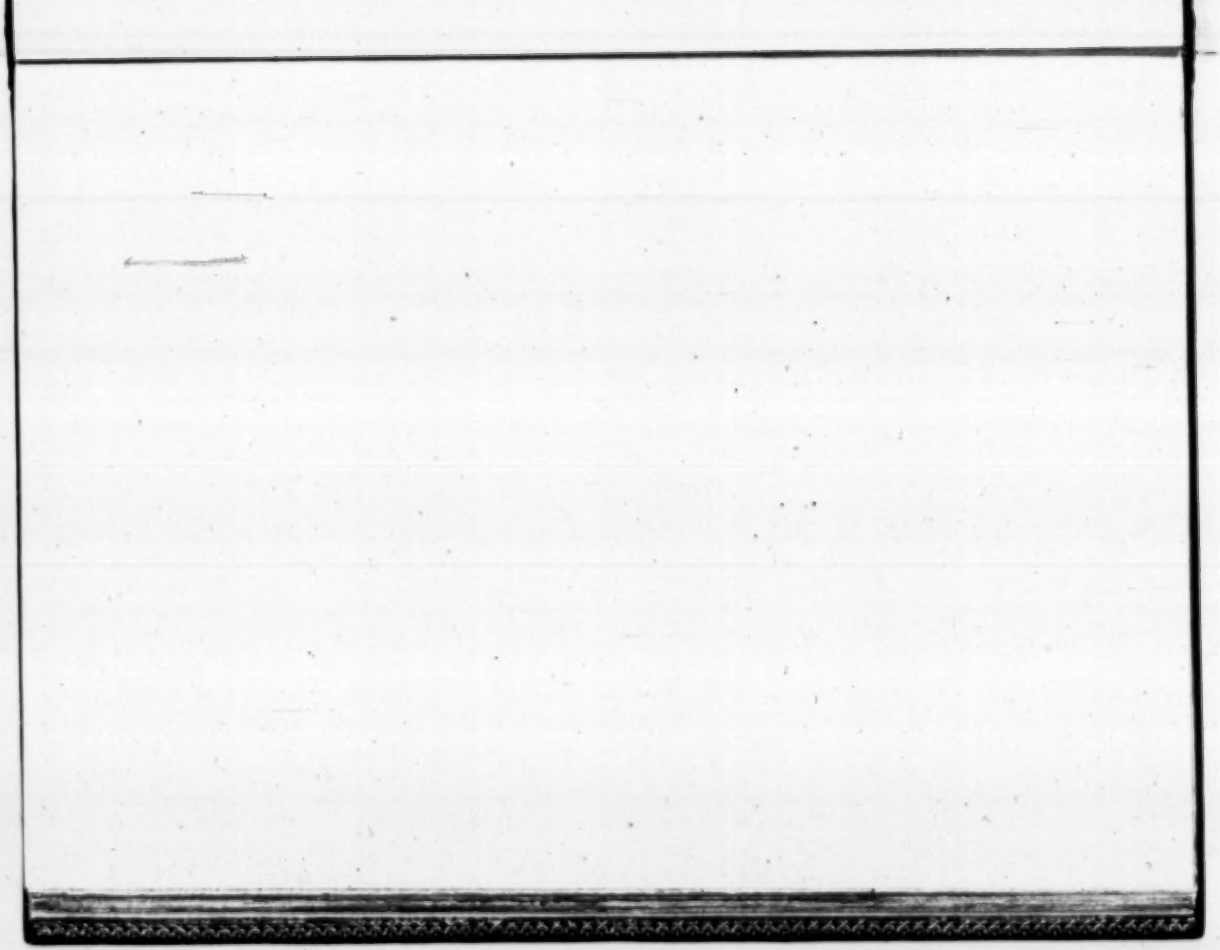
THE FLEIRE.

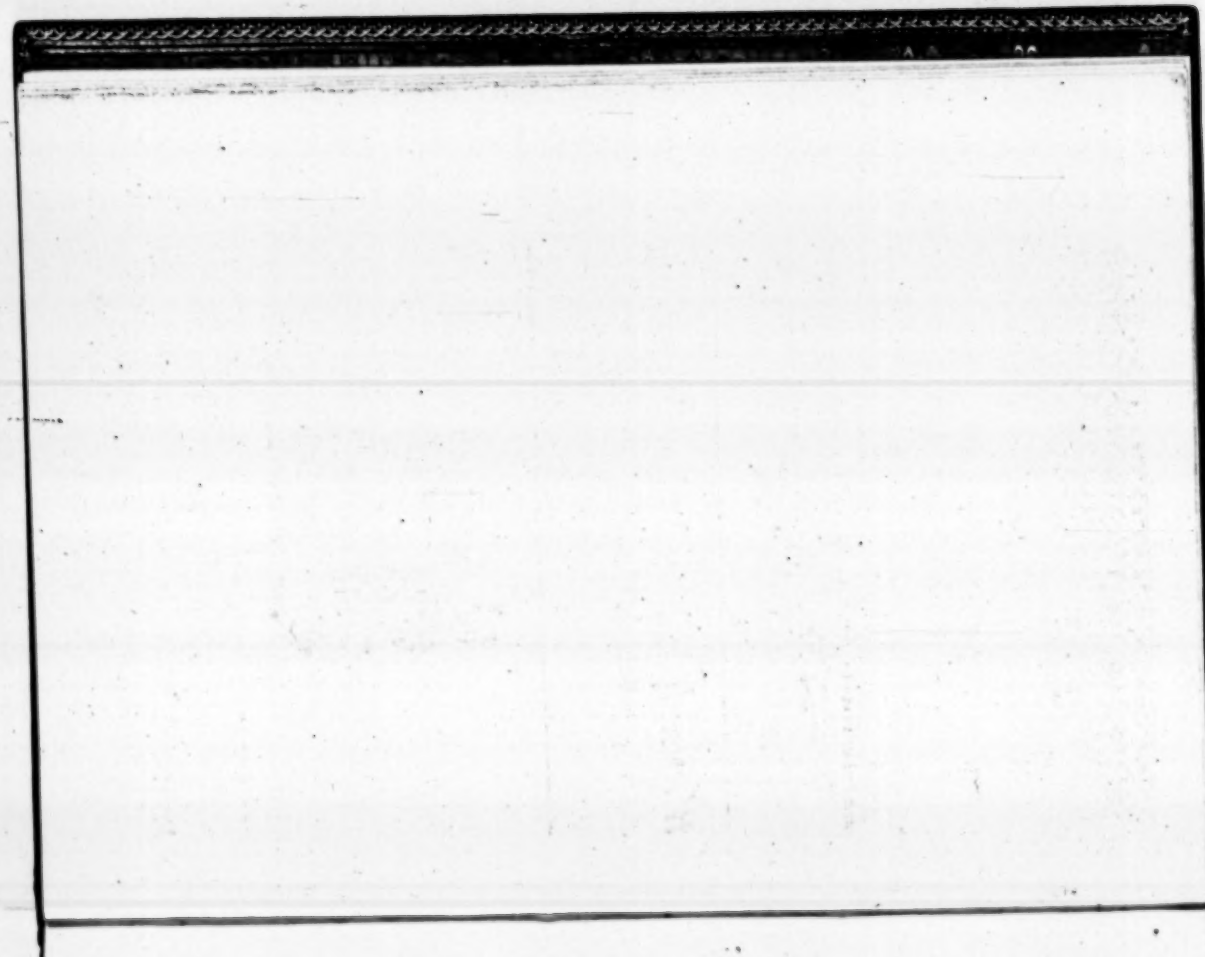
As it hath been often played in the *Blacke-Fryers* by the Children of the Reuells.

Written by Edward Sharpham *of the* Middle Temple, Gentleman.

AT LONDON,
Printed for Nathaniell Butter, *and are to be ſold* at his ſhop at the Pyde Bull at Saint *Auguſtines* Gate. *An.* 1610.



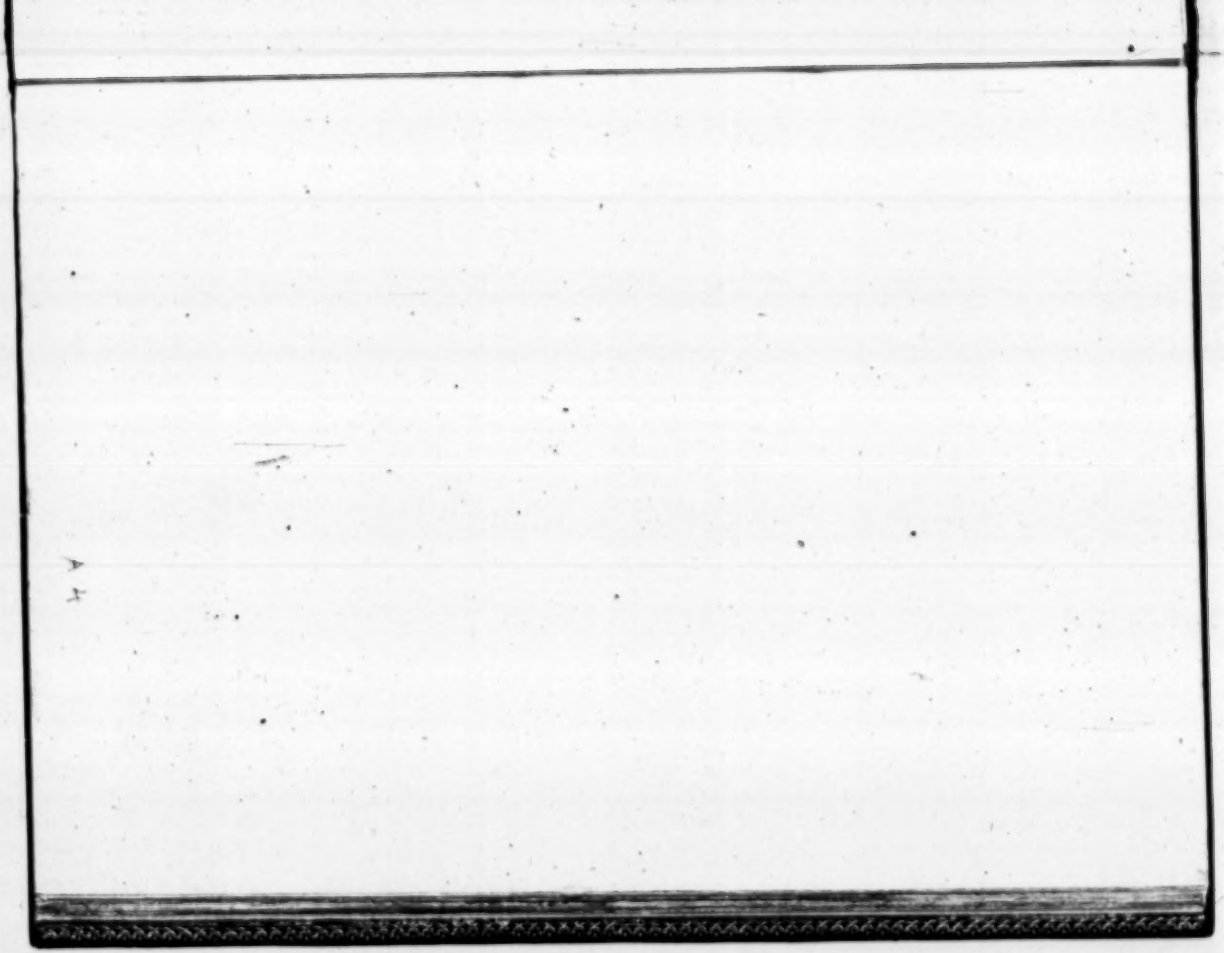


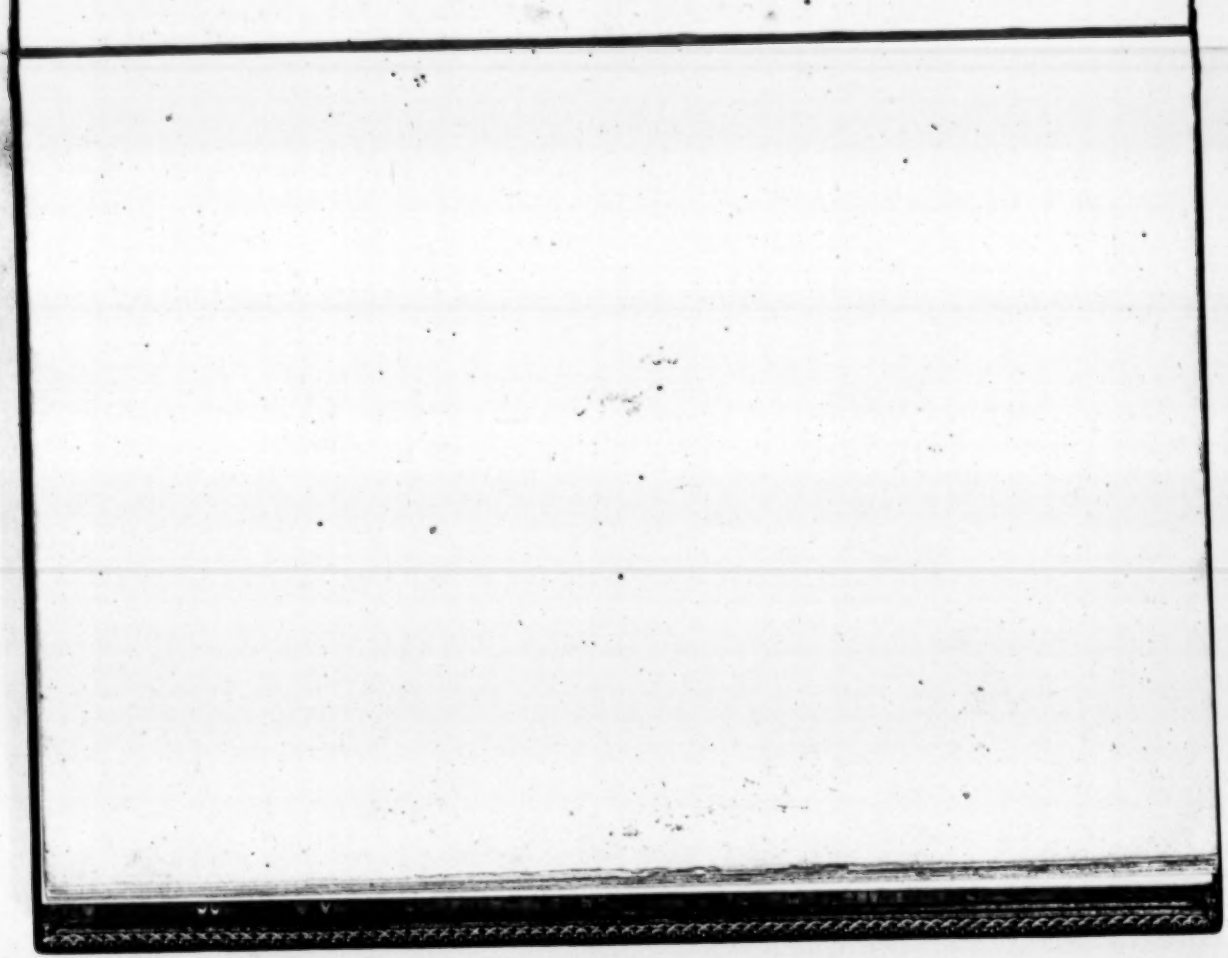


TO THE READER and Hearer.

FRiendly peruſers, or peruſing friends, that haue bin ouer-bold with ſome of vs, giue me leaue to bee a little bold with you : I haue printed a Booke heere to make you laugh and lye downe too, if you pleaſe : I knowe it comes not like a Mouſ-trap to inueigle your good opinions, nor like newes of great armies, very ſtrange and vndreampt of, but like forfeits to a Vſurer long lookt for. If you finde any errors by me committed, correct them or neglect thē. The Author is inuiſible to me (viz: ith Country) but wherabouts I cannot learne; yet I feare he will ſee mee too ſoone, for I had of him before his departure an Epiſtle or Apologicall præamble (this being his firſt Mirerua) directed vnto you, which ſhould haue beene in this Page diuulg'd, and (not to ieſt with you becauſe

this booke playes that part ſufficiently) I haue loſt it, remembring none of the Contents. And therefore (kind Readers) I doe preſume thus to ſalute you; vſe theſe Comicall diſcourſes fauourably, and you ſhall haue ſome from the Author heereafter more worthy your fauours & affections: through a narrow window you may view a broad Field; ſo in this *modicum* you may conceiue his great deſire to delight you, But howſoeuer, I knowe this volume will bee ſweet in the palates of your minds, though your mouths may finde it bitter in digeſtion, and ſo I commit your eyes to the next Page.





The Fleire.

Act. 1.

Enter Signior, Antifront, with a Lord.

Lord. DEere Lord, I know it well becomes not me to counſell him that beſt can counſell me : yet if it pleaſe you but to lend your eares, and heare my loue if not my counſell.

Sig. No more, I know thy loue tends to the ſtopping of my longing and my reſolution : thou knoweſt that I no longer now am Signior : *Florence* hath got another Gouernor, and one ſtep backe in ſtate of Maieſtie, is a greater fall then to a meaner man tha looſeth all: Beſides, thou knowſt our Daughters they are fled, the true inheritours of *Florence* right, and mighty *Piſo* now vſurps our regall ſeate : puiſſant in power and mighty in his wrong, hath mounted Faulcon-like into the skye of ſtate, ſeaz'd on our feeblenes, and beate our weakenes downe. And therefore now I am reſo'u'd to find my two loſt Children out, or like as *Phaeton* in pride did ride, ſo I in griefe will pace the world about.

Lor. Vnto your celſitude I wiſh, till their effects your hopes may neuer faile. *Exit.*

Sig. Farewell, ſome ſtrange diſguiſe I needs muſt take both for my ſtelth away, as for my paſſage on the waye : and yet my fortunes fall, diſguiſment is to great if pleaſd the heauens, but their wills ſtill are lawes, all is but Iuſtice and our ſinnes the cauſe : *cuor forte rompe catena ſorte.* *Exit.*

Enter Florida, and Felecia, Daughters to Signior Antifront, Madam Eromaga their waiting Gentlewoman, and two or three Seruingmen.

Flo. Withdraw, leaue vs, we would be priuate:
Sister what thinke you of this trade of ours? *Exeunt all but*
Fel. Tis baſe to be a whore. *the two Sisters.*
Flo. Tis baſe to abuſe great place, or baſenes to deceiue great truſt.
Fel. And is't not baſenes to abuſe great birth?
Flo. Yes if great birth abuſde not vs : if *Piſo* had not prou'd the theife and rob'd vs of our right, t'had bin worſe then theft in vs to rob our ſelues of honor : youle ſaye wee are forbid to liue by ſinne, and yet we are commanded ſeeke to liue : the letter law expreſſe forbids to kill, and yet the ſence permits it rather then be kild: and ſince of two extremities the leaſt is to bee choſen, you knowe wee haue no other meanes to liue, but had we, yet we are faire by nature, ſcorning Art, and was not beautie made to be enioyed? doe wee not exclaime on thoſe who haue aboundant ſtore of Ceine, and yet for want ſuffer the needie periſh at their doore? ſo might all doe on vs, hauing ſo much beautie, if wee ſhould ſuffer men for loue of vs to die; ſhall wee in whome beautie keepes her court bee curbd and tide to one mans beneuolence? no, no, not I: rather then in vertue to liue poore, in ſin Ile die.
Fele. Your reſolutions hath confirmd my doubtes, and ſince tis hatefull to liue poore, to maintaine our ſtate I am content: but theſe obſeruances let vs keepe, ſtrangely mongſt ſtrangers let vs holde our ſtate, and let our Seruants ſieldome know, how familiar with our friends we be, and though Englands wealth doe now adorne vs; lets keepe the faſhion ſtill of *Florence.*
Content, let's in, who's neere? attend vs, ho!

Enter

Enter Fromage, and Ladies Exunt.
To her enter a Gentleman.

Gent. This is the ſtreete, and as I remember this is the doore.
Ile aske this ancient Gentlewoman ; health and beautie dwell with you Ladie.

Fro. I thanke you ſir, a has a courtlie phraſe yfaith.

Gent. Doe the *Florentine* Ladies dwell heere?

Fro. Yes forſooth ſir, I am a poore Gentlewoman that followes 'am.

Gent. I am ſent to 'am by a Knight, who promiſt mee hee had procurd me the place of a Gentleman Vſher to them.

Fro. Sir *Iohn Hauelittle* I thinke.

Gent. Yes indeed the ſame.

Fro. By my troth hee's an honeſt Knight, a has no fault but that hees poore, and thats a ſmall fault now adaies : but let mee ſee ſir I pray, were you neuer a Gentleman Vſher before?

Gent. No truely neuer yet.

Fro. Then you muſt be inſtructed ſir.

Gent. I ſhall be glad to learne.

Fro. I hope you and I ſhall bee more inward ſir, and for your inſtruction I ſhall bee glad to laye open any ſecrets that I haue ; therefore firſt you muſt obſerue : ha you any Tables?

Gent. Yes, ſure I neuer go without Tables.

Fro. Plucke out your pin and write downe as I ſhall vtter: to be alwaies readie, ſtanding bare, to bee imployed, when, where, and howſoeuer your Ladies pleaſe. You muſt neuer bee without monie of your owne, to laie out when your Ladaies bid you, as eighteene pence to the Porter, halfe a crowne to the Coachman, or twelue pence for a Torch if their Ladiſhips come home late at night. If you be ſent by your Ladie to another Ladie, to know what reſt ſhee tooke ith' night, you ſhall deliuer your anſwere iuſt as it came from the Ladie : you muſt alwaies be in a cleane band, and cleane cuffes, how fowle ſo ere your ſhirt be.

Gent. I will obſerue all this.

Fro. You may by vertue of your office were a Perewig, prouided, it bee iuſt of the colour your beard : let mee ſee, you haue a hatch'd ſword of your owne there, haue you not?

Gent. Yes forſooth I bought it for his Ladiſhips ſeruice.

Fro. I'was well done, you may weare it by your office, what is your Cloake linde through?

Gent. No, but tis of a good depth in.

Fro. Tis well done too, your Ladies loue to haue it Linde a good depth in, tis for their credit. What, are thoſe ſiluer hangers of your owne?

Gent. No, I borrow'd theſe, but I haue a paire of mine owne.

Fro. They are in trouble, are they?

Gent. No truely they are a mending.

Fro. Nay though they be, tis no ſhame, you haue been long out of ſeruice perchance.

Gent. Some three monthes.

Fro. Birlady tis a long time, but can you indure to walke ſome halfe a day in the Hall or the great chamber, while ſome great Lord is buſie with your Ladie in an inner roome? you may ſleepe an houre or two as your Citizens wiues doe at a Sermon to paſſe away the time, but you muſt haue a care to wake at the ruſhing of a Satten gowne, or the creaking of a doore, that if your Ladie come, you may be preſently vp and bare.

Gent. Yes ſure, I could doe it well.

Enter Florida.

Fro. You muſt ſtand ſtiff vp, and holde vp your head, tis the chiefeſt thing belongs to your place, looke heere comes the elder Ladie : Madam heere's the Gentleman that Sir *Iohn Haue-little* commended to your Ladiſhippe for a Gentleman Vſher.

Flo. Let him draw neere vs.

Gent. The Knight commends his deere affection, and by me makes tender of his humble ſeruice to your Ladyſhip.

Fro. Kiſſe your hand and goe forward vpon her.

Delivers a Letter.

Flo. We

Flo. We accept it, haue red it, you are beholding to the knight, and he hath ſparcd no paines to make your worthie partes well knowne to vs : draw neere vs, henceforth wee accept you as our owne, and ſo wee bid you welcome : are you a Gentleman?

Gent. Yes ſure Madam, for I was both borne and begotten in an Innes Court.

Fro. Sure Madam then hee's a Gentleman, for he thats but admitted to the houſe is a Gent. much more hee thats begotten in the houſe.

Flo. You are the more welcome, and our bountie ſhall deſerue your induſtrie. *Exit. Flo.*

Gent. Is the Ladie a Princeſſe that ſhe ſpeakes *vs* and *we* ſo much?

Fr. No, ſhe ſaies ſo meaning her ſelfe and her Siſter, for they are both one, and ſuch things as they haue, they vſe in common, and muſt ſtand bare before them both : looke heere comes the tother Ladie.

Enter Felicia.

Madam heeres the Gentleman that Sir *Iohn Haue-little* commended to your Ladiſhip for a Gentleman Vſher.

Fe. We like him and hee's welcome, what good parts haue you? haue you the tongues?

Gent. Not very well Madam.

Fro. Yes Madam, a has the Scottiſh tongue verie perfectly, and a has ſome skill in the Iriſh tongue too.

Fe. Thats a wilde ſpeech.

Fr. Nay Ile warrant your Ladyſhip heele not runne awaie, has traueld Madam too a ſaies, for a has been in Wales.

Fe. Has a no skill in the French tongue?

Gent. Some little skill Madam.

Fro. No ſure Madam, I thinke your Ladiſhip hath more knowledge of the French then he.

Fe. Well, we will at more leaſure ſurucy your good parts, and make thereof the beſt for our own vſe. *Exit.*

Gent. I pray what wages doe theſe Ladies giue?

Fro. Faith your wages will bee much about the nature of your office, verie bare ſtanding wages : I thinke ſome for-

tie ſhillings a yeare.

Gent. Why, how meane they I ſhall liue in their ſeruice?

Fro Why, by their countenance: I ha knowne a Lord hath giuen his foole nothing but his countenance to liue by, and I can tell you, t'as proou'd a good Court-maintenance too.

Gent. Countenance? I hope I haue a countenance good inough of mine owne, I need not ſerue for one.

Fro. In troth and ſo a has for a Gentlemanvſher, I muſt needs ſay a verie harmeleſſe ſillie countenance.

Gent. Yes faith I meane to trie their bountie.

Fro. Come will you walke in ſir? Ile follow you.

Gent. Verie willinglie.

Fro. This is braue yfaith, a ſhall go bare before mee too, a will ſerue vs all three when we are abroad.

Exeunt.

Enter Miſtreſſe Suſan, and Nan, ſiſters.

Su. Come ſiſter, come, we were not borne to ſtand, t'is againſt the nature of our ſexes kind: come, ſit, and tell me how many ſuters you haue, and which you moſt do loue? and I will tell you all mine, and which I moſt reſpect.

Nan. Faith I haue a dozen at the leaſt, and their deſerts are all ſo good, I know not which I ſhould loue moſt: and one laſt day did court me thus: *O had my tongue the influence to lead thy faire thoughts as thy faire lookes do mine: then ſhouldſt thou be his priſoner who is thine.* I ſeeing my poore Gentleman likelie to bee drownd in the depth of *Helleſpont*, deliuered him this verſe to catch hold of: *O be not faire, and ſo vnkind: miſſhapen ſtuffe, is of behauiour boyſtrous and rough.*

Suſ. But come, what was a for a man?

Nan. What was a for a man? Why, a was a man for a woman, what ſhould a be? and yfaith he was a neate lad too, for his beard was newly cut bare; marry it ſhowed ſomething like a medow newlie mowed: ſtubble, ſtubble.

Su: Well

Su. Well I haue a ſuter too, if hee had as much witte as liuing, it may bee I ſhould finde in my heart to loue him.

Nan. What, i'ſt Sir *Iohn Haue-little* that gallant Knight that Courts delicate Ladies? ſpare not the ſweate of my bodie, man was made to labour, vſe my creation, women to beare, ile vſe yours: Birds to flye, Fiſh to ſwimme, &c. And then ſweares by my conſcience Ladie, I eſteeme you as I doe money, which buyes euerie thing, and thats but like a Puncke, for euery man has to do with it.

Su. No Siſter no, tis not he, for I thinke his wit cannot call his wealth Maiſter, nor his wealth his wit, and yet they are both Seruants to a foole.

Nan. Faith who i'ſt Siſter, i'st a proper man? hath hee a good face?

Su. Tis the perſon and conditions I reſpect, and not face, for euerie Boy has a good face, and its not worth a haire. No Siſter no, my loue is more worthier then words can vtter: I cannot ſimpathize his rare perfections with any earthlie ſubſtance: this Globe of durt produceth nothing worthie of his compariſon, ſo ſoules perfection ſo refines his bodie, as you would thinke an Angell were his ſire: his diſcourſe, behauiour, and humanitie, attracts to him my ſoules felicitie.

Nan. Pray' heauen it be not mine: nay come who is your loue? tell me?

Su. Nay who is yours? ſpeake firſt.

Nan. Yet agen!

Su. If it be mine, my heart will breake: mine is Maiſter.

Nan. Who, who, who?

Su. Ruffell.

Nan. Pray God't be true.

Su. In troth tis he.

Nan. And mine is Maiſter Sparke, and looke heere they come.

Enter

Enter Sparke, Ruffell, Piſo, Knight, and Petoune.

Spar. Faith Ladies, youth and beautie alwaies be your handmaides.

Ruff. Beſt fortunes your attendants.

Piſo. Good clothes your companions.

Ruff: Wee all of vs your ſeruants.

Pet. And let Tobacco be your perfumes.

Nan. Lord Gentlemen how your wits caper! me thinkes twould become you well at firſt entrance, your diſcretions came in with a ſober meaſure.

Sp. Ladies we are come to make a Gentleman of your acquaintance heere.

Nan. His name good Maſter *Sparke*? hee's verie welcome.

Spar. His name is *Sig. Petoune* a Trauteller and a great Tobacconiſt.

Pet. Faith Ladies I take it now and then faſting for the purification of my wit.

Suſ. Purification? why has your wit laine in child-bed ſin?

Ruff. Yes indeede Ladie, brought to bed of a Moone-calfe.

Pet. Faith Ladies if you vſde but mornings when yee riſe, the diuine ſmoke of this Celeſtiall herbe, it will more purifie, clenſe and mundifie your complexions, by ten parts then your diſſolued Mercurie, your iuice of Lemmons, your diſtilled Snailes, your gourd waters, your oyle of Tartar, or a thouſand ſuch toies.

Spa. Sure Ladies I muſt needs ſay th'inſtinct of this herbe hath wrought in this Gentleman ſuch a diuine influence of good words, excellent diſcourſe, admirable inuention, incomparable wit: why I tell yee, when he talkes, wiſedome ſtands a mile off and dares not come neere him, for feare a ſhould ſhame her: but before a did vſe this Tobacco, a was the arrantſt Woodcocke that euer I ſaw.

Pet. Indeed I was a verrie ſillie fellow.

Ruff. Nay you were an arrant aſſe.

Pet. Sure I was a foole.

Kni. Nay

Kni. Nay, you were a moſt monſtrous puppie.

Pet. Indeed I was an Idiot, a very Idiot.

Piſo. By this light thou wert a moſt egregious coxcombe.

Pet. Indeed I was, indeed I was.

Sp. But ſince, it hath imbelliſht his good parts, perfected his ill parts, and made his ſecret actions correſpondent to his outward wiſedome, as you may well perceiue.

Pet. Faith Lady, theſe Gentlewomen haue not long vſed my companie, yet you ſee how Tobacco hath already refined their ſpirits.

Piſo. Petoune I wonder Tobacco hath not purified the complexion of thy noſe?

Pet. Why, what ayles my noſe?

Piſo. Nay, be not angry, I do not touch thy noſe, to th'end a ſhould take any thing in ſnuffe.

Pet. Why doy' play ſo about my noſe?

Kni. T'is a good turne hees no Flie ſigneur: if a were, a would burne his wings.

Nan. O ſignior, theſe Gentlewomen haue not long vſed your company, yet you ſee how Tobacco hath already refined their ſpirits.

Pet. Faith Lady, would you beſtowe but one fauour of me.

Nan. Truely ſignior if you ſhould haue as much fauour as you haue complexion you would be highly fauoured.

Pet, Deare Lady, now by this day I loue you.

Nan. Cheape Signiour, now by the light of this day, I cannot loue you.

Sp. Now Ladie, what drugs of wit has this Apothecarie of Tobacco ſold you?

Nan. Faith a ſold me none ſir, only a gaue me a taſte of his good meaning.

Pet. Faith Ladie I muſt enquire your name.

Suſ. I pra'y doe ſir, yond Gentlewoman knowes it.

Pet. O, I know it well inough.

Suſ. Why do you enquire it then?

Pet. Come, come, Ladie can you loue? *Suſ.* I.

Pet. And can you loue me? *Su.* No.

Pet. Euery foole can ſay I, and no.

Su. And I alwaies anſwere euerie foole ſo.

Pet. Doy' thinke I want wit?

Su. If you doe, t'is a ſhame you do not learne it.

Pet. Will yon teach me? Ile come to you to ſchoole.

Su. Tis not my profeſſion ſir, to teach a foole.

Spa. Looke, looke, this fellow is like your vpright ſhoo, he will ſerue either foote.

Pet. Good Ladie, haue a better regard of me, do but thinke me made of the ſame mettall other men are.

Su. If others were of the ſame mettall you are, and all mine, I ſhould quickelie ſell them to the Bel-makers.

Pet. Why, what mettall doe you thinke me?

Su. Copper ſir, copper, for I take your bodie to be of the ſame mettall your noſe is.

Pet. Deare Ladie, now by this day I loue you.

Spa. Why, how now Signiour, what ſaies the Ladie, will ſhee loue thee man?

Pet. Faith I can get but a cold comfort of her:

Sp. Well, thanke her for't.

Pet. For what?

Spa. Why, for her cold comfort, ſhe gaue it thee to coole the heate of thy noſe man?

Su. Signiour, you ſee theſe Gentlewomen haue not long vſed your companie; yet you ſee how Tobacco hath alreadie refined their ſpirits.

Ruff. Why, how now Signiour? at blind-man-buffe? bob'd on either ſide?

Pet. Prethe peace: deare Ladie, pleaſe you take a pipe of Tobacco?

Ruff. I, come: Ile beginne to her (*tab*) why, what a rogue art thou to offer a faire Ladie an emptie Pipe?

Su. Why Signiour? doe you make a foole of me?

Piſo. Had you no bodie Signiour to haue bob'd with an emptie Pipe but her?

Nan. Why how now Signiour, could you finde neuer a fitter blocke to whet your wit on, but my ſiſter?

Sp. By

Sp. By the diuine ſmoke of Tobacco Signiour, you haue ſham'd vs all.

Pet. Sweare not good ſir, ſweare not, prophane not the Indian plant.

Kni. Had you no bodie elſe Signiour, to breake an emptie ieaſt on, but this Ladie?

Su. No, no, a thinks any thing is good ynough for me.

Pet. Sir, would you make my Ladie and me friends?

Spar. Nay Signiour, I haue no face to ſpeake, now you haue abuſde her in your owne Element: if it had beene in any thing but Tobacco, I would haue done my beſt.

Ruff. Harke you ſig. you were beſt to aske her forgiuenes on your knees, there's no way to get her friendſhip elſe.

Pet. But will ſhee forgiue me thinke you if I aske her mercy on my knees?

Sp. Why, proue Signiour, you can but trie, weele all ſpeake for you.

Ruff. Good Ladie will you forgiue this Signiour? you ſee his penitent griefe hath brought him verie low, for hees on's knees; beſides he weepes; ſpeake Signiour ſpeake for your ſelfe.

Pet. Ladie, I muſt confeſſe I haue offred you an emptie pipe, which me thinks hath ſmall reaſon to be taken in ſnuffe.

Sp. And you are ſorie for't Signiour, are you not?

Pet. I with all my heart.

Spa. Forgiue him good Ladie, pra'y forgiue him.

Su. I am content Gent. at your intreaties vpon conditions.

Pet. Vpon any conditions.

Suſ. But you ſhall be ſworne to them.

Pet. Moſt willinglie.

Ruff. Come, a ſhall be ſworne on's own Tobacco pipe.

Piſo. Looke you Signiour, he told you there was no waie to get her good will but by kneeling; for he that will haue a womans loue muſt ſtoope.

Su. Come maſter *Ruff.* you ſhall take his oath, and ile miniſter't. *Ruff.* Come Signiour, put your hand to the pipe.

Su. Firſt, you ſhall neuer while you liue offer Ladie or Gentlewoman an emptie pipe. *Pet.* Neuer.

Su Secondlie, you ſhall neuer make Tobacco your Idoll, taking it in a morning before you ſaid your praiers.

Pet. Neuer.

Suſ. Thirdlie, you ſhall neuer in the praiſe of Tobacco diſcloſe or diſpraiſe by the waye of making compariſons, the ſecrets of Ladies, or Gentlewomen, as repeating their diſtil'd waters, their cenſing oyles, or their ſmoothing vnguents.

Spa. To this you ſweare.

Pet. Moſt willinglie.

Su. Fourthlie, you ſhall neuer come with your ſquibs and ſmoke-ſquirts amongſt Ladies and Gentlewomen, flinging out fume at your Noſtrels, as a whale doth ſalt water, vnleſſe you be intreatred by them.

Pet. Neuer.

Su. Fiftlie, you ſhall preſentlie conuaie your ſelfe out of our companie, neuer to come more neere vs, vnleſſe you bee ſent for.

Pet. Neuer?

Su. No neuer: ſo, let him kiſſe the pipe.

Sp. Come Signior, you haue kneeld to a faire end, to get you a Miſtris, and here you haue forſworne her.

Pet. I'me in a faire caſe now.

Piſo. Ifaith now that't a combe for any caſe.

Pet. Well, ile keepe my oath, farewell Gentlemen.

Piſ. Farewell Signior.

Sp. Adew Signior.

Kni. God bewe Signior.

Pet. Well, ſome ſhall ſmoke for this.

Ruff. Let it be your noſe then good Signior in any caſe.

Exit.

Enter Signior Antifront diſguiſed, called Fleire.

It is a good ſoile, a wholeſome aire, a prettie Towne, handſome ſtreight buildings, well proportioned people, verie faire women.

Sp. Hayda, this is like a Lawyers ſtuddie in the latter end of a Terme, one's no ſooner thrung'd out, but another's thruſt in, y'are welcome ſir.

Fle. But

Fle. But I am not ſir, for I am ſicke.

Ruff. Would you ſpeake with any man heere?

Fle. I care not greatly ſir, if I ſpoke with euerie man here.

Nan. Hee's a mad fellowe.

Spa. What art?

Fle. Poore.

Ruff. Doſt meane to liue in this towne?

Fle. Ide be loth to die in't.

Kni. In what country wert borne?

Fle. In none.

Kni. Where then?

Fle. In a Towne.

Kni. What nation art?

Fle. An Italian.

Kni. O then thou canſt make glaſſes.

Fl. I, and as wiſemen as you Aſſes too, O are you there *Piſo*? your father is my good Lord, but no more of that yet.

Sp. Why Signior, I hope you wonnot ſwagger?

Fle. No, nor I care not greatlie for them that doe, for your ſwaggerer is but like your walking ſpur, a gingles much but heele neu'r pricke.

Kni. Why art ſo melancholie?

Sn. Ile hold my life hee is in loue with ſome waiting Gentlewoman.

Fle. Hee's a mad fellowe will loue any of you all, longer then a piſſing while.

Piſ. Why camſt thou out of *Italie* into *England*?

Fl. Becauſe *England* would not come into *Italy* to me?

Piſ. Why art ſad?

Fle. Becauſe I haue cauſe.

Piſ. Who dooſt follow?

Fle. My noſe.

Spa. Who dooſt ſerue?

Fle. God.

Ruff. Who art towards?

Fle. He thats before me.

Spa. What dooſt want?

Fle. Money.

Sp. Nothing elſe?

Fle. Yes.

Sp. What?

Fle. A good ſeruice. *Sp.* Shall I preferre thee?

Fle. I cannot tell, tis as I like the man.

Sp. Nai't ſhall be to a couple of Gentlewomen of thine owne Countrie.

Fle. I ſhall haue enough to doe then I hope, I haue heard of one woman hath ſeru'd ten men, but I neuer heard that one man ſhould preferred to ſerue twoo women before: y'are an Engliſhman. *Sp.* I.

Fle. So I thought indeed, you cannot poiſon ſo well as we Italians, but youle finde a meanes to bring a man out of his life as ſoone. Gods light ſerue two women quoth you?

Sp. Why thou ſhalt ſerue but one, yet take thy choice of both. *Fl.* I marrie ſir, I like when't comes to chooſing.

Sp. Whats thy name?

Fle. Fleire.

Sp. What's thy profeſſion?

Fle. I I haue euer been a Courtier.

Sp. A Courtier! come Gentlemen, I like this fellow ſo well that ile preferre him ſtraight.

Nan. Do ſo, you ſhall doe a deed of charitie in't.

Sp. Faire Ladies youle excuſe vs. *Exunt.*

Su. You haue bin verie welcome Gentlemen. *manet Su. Nan.*

Nan. Come ſiſter, there reſts nothing for vs now but this: wele get vs in mans apparell, and ſerue them as Pages, ſo ſhal we hinder them in their marriages, and in th'end preferre our ſelues to be their wiues.

Su. I like it well, come lets about it preſently. *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Fleire, Solus in a new Suite.

Fle. I haue not yet been ſeauen daies heere, and yet I ſee that grieues my verie ſoule: my Daughters, my Ladies I muſt ſaie now, make luſt, labour for their maintenance, and this fooliſh Nation will ſell their goods, their lands, naie their verie ſoules for nights delights and momentarie ſportes,

which

which like to lightning appeares, and vaniſheth ere one can ſay tis come : but then repentance ſticks cloſe. There was a fellow with one of my Ladies this morning, and the poore ſlaue has but ſeauen ſhillinges a weeke boord wages, and yet hee has giuen ſixe on't for a bit of extraordinarie fleſh, well: GOD giue him the grace to pray, for a muſt faſt. I askd the hot ſlaue why a did not marrie ſince a could not bridle his luſt? and a tolde mee a had rather fall into the Surgions mercie, then the worlds beggerie ; well, I ſee it cannot bee denide, mercenarie women are neceſſarie members : they plucke downe the pride of the fleſh, yet are not proud themſelues, for thei'le be as familiar with the men as with the Maſter : they doe as many good deedes as ſome Friers that put one to pennace for his ſinnes, they put twentie to paines : he out of charitie ſends one to the Hoſpitall once a yeare, they ſend twentie to the Surgions once a moneth. Saye hee bids men repent, they make a'm repent, yet for all this ſome will call a'm damn'd Punckes : well, if they be damn'd thei'le not be damn'd *gratis* like your yong countrie Gentlemen, nor in hugger mugger like your Citizens wife with her Prentiſe. They can practiſe without an ouerſeer : they ſcorne to haue a Suburbian Baw'd lend am a Taffetie gowne, and they (like your common Players) let men come in for two pence a peece, and yet themſelues to haue but the tenth pennie, like the tenth Pigge, yet faith the trade is a good trade: They forſweare not themſelues, in commendation of their wares, as your common Tradeſmen doe, ſwearing they cannot afford it at the price, They are no prouerbe breakers : beware the buyer ſay they, you ſhall haue enough for your monie, if halfe will not ſerue your turne take the whole, meaſure by your owne yard, you ſhall haue Wincheſter meaſure. I was ſomewhat bold with one of their Ladiſhippes this morning, and askt her why women went to the generating ſport all the yeare, ſince beaſts themſelues went toot but once? And ſhe anſwered me, becauſe they were women and had reaſon to know what was good for themſelues, and ſo had not beaſts: but ſoft, here comes Signior *Petoune*.

Enter

Enter Petoune taking Tobacco.

Pet. O *Fleire* how dooſt *Fleire*?

Fle. O Signior, you may ſnuffle out your ſmoke here Signior, and ſaue your eath too, here are no Cuckold makers.

Pet. What are they *Fleire*?

Fle. Women Signior, women: I heard what a raſh Gentleman you are to forſweare your Miſtris companie in the verie heat of your affection.

Pet. Hang her, hang her, ſhees a verie crickee, ſhee hath written for me three or foure times, but ile ſee her damn'd ere ile come to her, woot take any Tobacco *Fleire*?

Fle. No, not I; ile not make my noſe a red Herring, ile not hang him ith' ſmoke.

Pet. Thou art a good Courtier *Fleire*, tha'ſt got a ſute alreadie.

Fle. Nay, I haue two or three Offices too.

Pet. Prethe what are they?

Fl. Why I am Yeaman ath' Iurden, Gentleman ath' ſmock, and squire of entertainment: for when your Gallants approch, I take their incombe, for if I ſtay till their out-come, the deuill a bit of any ſiluer ſir can I get: for your new made Gallants lay all on the backe and ſpend all ath belly.

Pet. How doe thy two Ladies liue *Fleire*?

Fle. Like two musk-cats in a Coope.

Pet. Why? I here ſay they liue gallantly.

Fl. Pheu, they? why they keepe a litt'e court.

Pet. And what art thou, a Sumner?

Fle. A Sumner, why?

Pet. Becauſe thou art one of the; harke in thine eare.

Fl. Well ſaid Caulfe, haſt beene a ſucking all this while for that ieſt? no, I haue an honourable place, I am one of their leaders, for their ſhooes are ſo hie, and their heeles ſo ſhort if they ſhould not be led, thei'd play domeſticke trickes abroad, and ſhow all.

Pet. Thou their leader! why, doe they meane to goe to the warres?

Fle. I thinke ſo, for I am ſure here were a couple of gentlemen laſt night that ſcowr'd their peeces.

Pet. I thinke *Fleire* thy Ladies are not we rich.

Fle. How can they? they ſpend when others get.

Pet. Doſt heare *Fleire*? woot preferre me to their ſeruice?

Fl. What! ſhall we embrace? ſhall we haue red-nos'd Corporals here: what you rogue? will you turne Sumner? away you whale-noſd rogue away, goe, ſnuffe, ſnufle in the Ocean, away you ſlaue.

Pet. Is thy name *Fleire*? th'art a flattering, fleering, cogging knaue. *Exit.*

Enter two Ladies, one ſinging.

Fel. *His mans red hoſe, were the colour of noſe,*
and his breech was made of blue,
And he in ſhape, but a French-mans Ape,
And ſo ſweete ſir adieu.
" *Holla, holla ye pampred Iades of Aſia,*
" *And can you draw but twentie miles a day?*

Flo. Giue me a bowe, ile hit the Sunne.

Fel. Why t'is impoſſible.

Flo. No more canſt thou hit true felicitie.

Fel. O I am in an excellent humor, now I could laugh, daunce, leape, or doe anie light tricks that belongs to a light wench.

Flo. But looke who's here?

Fel. O ſignieur *Fleire*, how doſt, how doſt man? we may be merrie before thee, thoul't be ſecret, wo't not?

Flo. As your Midwife, or Barber Surgeon Madam;

Fel. How lik'ſt the Citie *Fleire*, ha, how lik'ſt it?

Flo. Faith well Madam, were not your Citizens, ſuch heauie head fellowes.

Fel. Thats a ſigne they are no drunkards.

Fl. Indeed Madam, drinke lightens the head, the heart, the heeles, the pot, the purſe; but it makes heauie chamber-pots, full bowels, and foule roomes: enough.

Fel. Howe doeſt like the Gentlemen of this Countrey?

Fle. I can compare your Gentlemen, and your Marchant, to nothing ſo fitlie as your Flea and your Lowſe: I had rather truſt your Lowſe with an hundred pounds, then your Flea with fortie; for your Lowſe, like the Marchant ſtandes too'r, you ſhall knowe where to finde him, but your Flea like the Gentleman, if you take him not at the firſt ſight, a ſlips from you.

Flo. Mee thinkes they haue a ſtrange faſhion heere, they take money with their wiues, and giue money to their wenches.

Fle. And good reaſon too (Madam) would you haue a man be troubled with a wife as long as hee liues for nothing? A giues money to his wench, to be as ſoone rid of her as he has done with her.

Fel. Whats the reaſon *Fleire*, the Cittizens wiues weare all Corks in their ſhooes?

Fle. O Madam, to keepe the cuſtome of the Citie, onelie to be light heeld. The Citie is like a Commodie, both in partes and in apparall, and your Gallants are the Actors: for hee that yeſterday played the Gentleman, now plaies the Begger; ſhee that plaied the Waytingwoman, now plaies the Queane; he that played the married-man, now playes the Cuckolde; and ſhee that played the Ladie, now plaies the Painter. Then for their apparell, they haue change too: for ſhee that woore the Petticote, now weares the Breech; hee that woore the Coxcombe, now weares the Feather; the Gentleman that wore the long Sworde, now weares the ſhort Hanger; and hee that could ſcarce get Velluet for his Cape, has now linde his Cloake throughout with it.

Flo. But how doſt like the Court *Fleire*?

Fle. Well ynough, if they did not catch their meate ſo; it comes no ſooner from Table, but tone fellow has a fatte Ducke by the rumpe, th'other a ſlipperie Ele by the tayle, and an olde Courtier that beſt knewe the tricks on't, was

mumb-

mumbling of a Cunnie in a corner alone by himſelfe.

Fel. What good cheere didſt ſee there?

Fle. Faith there was much good meate, but me thought your faire Ladie was your onelie diſh.

Flo. I, but thats a coſtlie diſh, and will aske rich ſawcing.

Fle. Faith for mine owne part when I had a ſtomacke, I ſhould like it beſt in it owne naked kinde, without any ſauce at all.

Flo. Whats the newes now at Court *Fleire*?

Fle. Faith they ſaye your Ladies cannot endure the olde faſhion Spurre, they ſaye it hanges to a mans heele like a Wheele-barrowe, but they loue the fine little Scottes Spurre, it makes the Court Gernet curuet, curuet gallantlie.

Flo. I prethe *Fleire*, how goes the report of vs two abroad?

Fle. If I ſhould tell you, I feare your Ladiſhips would bee angrie.

Flo. No not a whit.

Fle. But alas they are your common people, they are like your Slippers, they are alwaies gaping, their mouthes are neuer ſhut.

Flo. But what ſay they of vs?

Fle. Alas Madam, their tongues are like your drie leather ſhooes, alwaies creaking.

Flo. But I prethe tell vs, what do they ſay of vs?

Fle. I ſhall offend your Ladiſhips.

Flo. I tell thee no.

Fle. But alas Madem, I doe not beleeue them, becauſe I knowe the conditions of the ſlaues; why I tell you, their tongues are like the Iacke of a Clocke, ſtill in labour.

Flo. I thinke tha'rt madde, I prethee tell vs what they ſay.

Fle. I would be loath to diſpleaſe you.

Flo. I tell thou ſhalt not.

Fle. Faith they ſaye your Ladiſhips are couple of ſtately Curtizans.

Flo. Faith that was not much amiſſe, ſaid they no worſe?

Fl. You'l not be angrie with me.

Flo. No a'my word.

Fle. By my troth they ſaid ſtatelie whores.

Flo. What pagan rogues be theſe? were they but roaſted Larkes for my ſake, I would cruſh am bones and all.

Fel. Why? are you ſo angrie ſiſter? you know they ſpeake truth.

Flo. Why are we hores?

Fel. What are we elſe?

Flo. Why we are Curtizans.

Fel. And what difference pra'y?

Fle. O great, great madam, your whore is for euerie raſcal, but your Curtizan is for your Courtier.

Flo. He has giuen you a difference now.

Fl. And indeede Madam I ſaid ſo, for in truth I was verie angrie with'am, but they ſaid you were for euerie ſeruingman too. *Flo.* Did they ſay ſo?

Fle. Yes indeed Madam, I hope I haue touch'd you now?

Flo. Ile hold my life this ſlaue the Seruingman, that was with me this morning, has brag'd of my kindnes to him.

Fle. Nay, thats likelie, neuer truſt a fellow that will flatter, fleire, and fawne for foure nobles a yeare.

Flo. Well, ile neuer haue Seruingman touch any linnin of mine agen.

Fle. Yes Madam, a may touch't when tis at your Laundreſſes.

Flo. I, at my Laundreſſes, or elſe not: but what a raſcal's this? by this light, ile neuer ſuffer Seruingman come neere me agen.

Fle. Yes Madam, to deliuer you a letter or ſo.

Fl. By this hand, not vnleſſe the Rogue kiſſe his hand firſt.

Fle. O Madam! why? ſince blewe coates were left off, the kiſſing of the hand is the Seruingmans badge, you ſhall know him by't: but Madam, I ſpeake ſomething boldlie of you now and then, when I am out of your hearing, to heare

what

what the world will ſaie of you, for you know thats the waie to pumpe filthie wordes out of their mouthes, if there bee any in them.

Fel. And doe ſo ſtill, we allow thee to ſay any thing, for thereby we ſhall know her friends from our foes.

Fle. I aſſure your Ladiſhips, I loue you, and am ſorrie for you from my ſoule although you know it not.

Flo. We doubt it not.

Fel. Come ſiſter will you in?

Flo. I prithee *Fleire* informe vs how the tyde of opinion runs on vs, leaſt we be drown'd in the ſlaunderous imaginations of the world.

Fle. I ſhall be verie vigilant of your reputations.

Amb. Be ſo. *Exeunt Siſters.*

Enter Ruffell.

Fle. Who comes heere a Godſ-name? O, my gallant ruffles it out in ſilke, where haue you bin all this while?

Ruff. Faith at Court *Fleire*, when wert thou there?

Fl. Faith but yeſterdaie, where I ſaw a Farmers Son ſit newlie made a courtier, that ſat in the preſence at Cardes, as familiar as if the chaire of ſtate had beene made of a peece of his fathers Barne-doore: O tis a ſhame, I would haue ſtate be ſtate in earneſt and in game, I like your Courtier for nothing but often ſaying his prayers.

Ruff. What, I thinke thou ſeldome ſaieſt thy prayers, ſince thou haſt almoſt forgot thy Pater-noſter.

Fle. Faith I pray once a weeke dooſt thou pray oftner?

Ruff. I did pray oftner when I was an Engliſhman, but I haue not praid often, I muſt confeſſe ſince I was a Brittaine: but dooſt heare *Fleire*? canſt tell me if an Engliſhman were in debt, whether a Brittaine muſt pay it or no?

Fle. No, queſtionleſſe no.

Ruff. I'me glad of that, I hope ſome honeſt ſtatute will come ſhortlie, and wipe out all my ſcores.

Fle. But whats the newes now abroad Maiſter *Ruffell*?

Ruff. Why they ſaie the Courtiers ſhall make the Citizens no more Cuckolds.

Fle. Excellent newes yfaith, excellent newes, then the Court will grow rich.

Ruff. Rich? why man why?

Fle. Why then your Courtier will not beſtow his money in buying the Merchants idle cõmodities to lie with his wife.

Ruff. *Fleire* I did but to trie thee, the tide of the floud is turn'd man.

Fle. Then let them ſweat for't.

Ruff. For what?

Fle. If they ſtriue againſt the ſtreame. (courtiers.

Ruff. No, but I meane the Citizens muſt cuckold the

Fle. Excellent newes yfaith, excellent newes, then the court will grow rich.

Ruff. What, like your weauers ſhuttle? make cloath forward and backward, but how I prithe? but harke you *Fleire*, are you capable of a ſecret?

Fle. As your common Cockatrice, that receiues the ſecrets of euery man.

Ruff. Then I muſt intreat, I may truſt thee.

Fle. Thats becauſe I am no Taylor, for if I were, thou wouldeſt intreat me to truſt thee.

Ruff. Sirra, they ſay your Ladies are a couple of common Punckes, I hope I may truſt you with a ſecret?

Fle. Sir, ſir, doy'heare, doy'thinke they are no worſe?

Ruff. Worſe! why can they be worſe?

Fle. O ſir, I they may be priuate Punckes: why I tell you hee that takes vp his priuate Punckes linnen, were better take vp any commoditie about the Towne: if twere a commoditie of Mouſetrappes, a ſhould not looſe much by the bargaine.

Ruff. But harke you *Fleire* harke you tis ſuppos'd I can tell you they are a couple of priuate punckes.

Fle. Nay, then theres ſome hope they prooue honeſt women.

Ruff. Yea, how *Fleire* how?

Fle. Why your priuate puncke would leaue being a puncke, rather than be priuate to one man for nothing, and then if all men were like thee, they would be honeſt, for thou haſt

nothing

nothing to giue am.

Ruff. What a cogging fleiring Rogue is this, nothing will anger him : but doy'heare *Fleire* ; art thou a procurer, or a knaue? for one of them I am ſure thou art?

Fle. A procurer? whats that?

Ruff. One that procures meanes for procreation, vulgarlie cald a Pander.

Fle. By this light now, were I notable Rogue, ſhould I denie my profeſſion, why, I am a procurer ſir.

Ruff. Nay, then thou art a Knaue too thats certaine, for there is ſuch a ſimpathie betweene a Procurer and a knaue, as there is betwixt an Alcumiſt and a Begger.

Fl. But looke you ſir, pra'y will you tell me one thing now.

Ruff. Whats that?

Fle. Are you a Whoremaſter or a Theife, for one of them ime ſure you are.

Ruff. By this light now a comes neere me too, why I am a whoremaſter.

Fle. Nay, then you are a theefe too, thats certaine, for your whoremaſter alwaies filcheth for victuals, for you knowe fleſh is mans foode, marrie ſir you cannot bee hang'd for't, tis but pettilaſſarie at moſt, but you may chance bee whipt for't and burn'd too, but ith'hand Signior, not ith' hand.

Enter Spake.

Sp. Saue ye Gentles.

Ruff. Then we are enemies to the Iewes.

Fle. O my good preferrer, how does your worſhippe, you are a ſtranger here.

Sp. Faith I haue beene with two Gentlewomen, in whoſe companie thou firſt ſawſt vs, and there the Knight, Sir *Iohn Haue-little* is ſo in loue with the yonger, as a knowes not whether a ſhould reioyce, ſhee had ſo much beautie : or lam't, becauſe he is like to inioy none on't.

Fle. By my troth I tooke him for a Coniurer, when I firſt ſaw him, a talkt ſo much of his ſoule and the diuell.

Spa. Why a ſould his ſoule to the Diuell man, for the veluelt that lines his cloake.

Fle. And when will he giue the Diuell his dew?

Sp. Nay

Sp. Nay a deales with him, as a does with his Tailor, goes vpon truſt, and meanes to pay them both at the latter daie.

Fle. But does not the Gentlemen ieſt at him?

Sp. Yes, one of them asked if he were a celeſtriall or a terreſtriall Knight, and he verie ignorantly asked what Knights they were? your terreſtriall Knight quoth ſhee, is of a groſſe element, and liues vpon lands of his owne, but your celeſtriall Knight, he liues by the Heire, that is, by his elder Brother. He it was, was knighted, when ſo few ſcapt the ſword, add hee it is that now liues by the ſword.

Fl. And what ſaid the Knight, what ſaid he?

Sp. Faith as ſome Courtiers doe, laugh at what he not vnderſtand, and ſwore an oath or two of the new faſhion, as, by my conſcience Ladie you haue a verie good ſpirit, and ſo after two or three Court complements, beſeech'd the Ladies retaine him ſtill in their good graces, kiſt his hand and went his way.

Fle. Faith me thinks your Engliſh ladies were verie gallant Creatures, had they not one fault.

Sp. What's that?

Fle. I haue heard ſaye, they will riſe ſooner, and goe with more deuotion to ſee an extraordinary execution, thē to heare a ſermon.

Sp. O ſignior, condemne not all for ſome, indeede I muſt confeſſe there haue beene Ladies at executions.

Fle. I, and they ſat bare fac't too, for feare the little fleet holes of their masks ſhould not giue their eyes roome ynough for ſuch a proſpect: one Ladie thruſt her head ſo far out at a windowe, with greedy deſire to ſee all, that the whole bodie was like to follow, making a forked tree with her head downe had not her Gentleman vſher, contrarie to the nature of his office, catch't hold of her behind.

Spa. A forked tree; why what tree dooſt thou thinke ſhee would haue made?

Fle. O ſir, a Medler-tree, a Medler-tree.

Spa. But *Fleire*, how does the Gentleman Vſher liue with thy Ladies?

Fle. Faith ſir in the nature of a Munkie, that flatters and fawnes

fawnes, and ſhakes his taile in his Miſtres lap: but yfaith Gallants, whether are you two bound now?

Sp. We are euen ready for your two Ladies, Seigneur;

Fle. Faith and you ſhall find my two Ladies as ready for you two: Come, come, Ile put you in the way of all fleſh, Ile ſend you to Graues-end, Ile ſee you in the Tilt-boate, When you are there, ſhip your ſelues: in, in, in.

Ex. Spe. & Ruf.

Enter Piſo and Knight.

Piſo. How is't *Fleir?*

Fle. O my Lord, you are a welcome man.

Kni. Saue you O Seigneur.

Fleir. O my gratious Knight, and whither are you two bound now?

Piſo. Faith een to your two Ladies Seigneur,

Fle. Yea? and will you to the South-ward yfaith? wil you to the confines of *Italy* my Gallants? take heede how yee goe North-wardes, t'is a daungerous Coaſt, ieſt not with't in Winter, therefore goe South-wardes my Gallants, South-wardes hoe: I haue ſhipt two Gallants in a ſtorme, I feare they haue ſpent their maine Maſtes by this time, and are comming home againe: but if you will South-wards, my harts of gold, Ile ſhippe you in pompe, Ile ſend yee vnder the very line, where the Sunn's at hotteſt.

Piſo. But come, ſhall we goe ſee thy Ladies, *Fleir?*

Fle. I, I, I, Come: but my good Lord youle be a welcome man, for I haue heard her often ſweare, that had ſhe ſuch a Husband, a man ſo richly deckt in vertuous ornaments, ſhee would forſake this life, her-ſelfe, nay, her very being, to be your's; O my good Lord, ſhee loues you dearely.

Piſo. Pheu, but I cannot requite it,

Fle. Why my good Lord?

Piſo. Shees a common thing.

Fle. But ſay ſhee may turne my Lord.

Piſo. Shee has beene ſo much worne, ſhees not worth the turning now.

Fle. O my Lord, penitence doth purge a ſpotted ſoule, and better leaue ſinne late then not at all: and I doe know my Lord, that for your loue from her immodeſt life ſheele turne.

Piſ. I, I, I doubt not but ſheele turne: but t'will be like a Buzzard Hauke that turnes taile to her game.

Kni. Fleire, is the Gentleman vſher that I preferd to your Ladies in any fauour with them?

Fle. Great, great: a kiſſes his hand with an excellent grace, and a will leire and fleire vpon am, hee's partly their Phyſitian, a makes am Suppoſitories, and giues am Gliſters.

Kni. And how liues he with am.

Fle. Faith like *Thiſbe* in the play, a has almoſt kil'd himſelfe with the ſcabberd: but hearke you Knight, you'le be a welcome man to my younger Lady, I proteſt ſhee thinkes worthily of you.

Kni. Seigneur, I muſt confeſſe, I am beholding to your Lady; and to tell you truly, I haue much affected her ſince I firſt ſaw her.

Fle. Vpon my word ſir, to my knowledge ſhee is an honeſt Gentlewoman, yet the world may chance ſpeake ill of her. Why I haue heard ſome ſay *Penelope* was a Puncke, hauing no reaſon to ſuſpect her, but becauſe ſhee ſate vp late a nights, when t'was but to vndoe that which ſhee did by day. I haue heard ſome ſay *Hercules* was a Coward becauſe he did not fight at ſingle Rapier like a Gallant, but with a Clubbe.

Kni. Nay, I haue no reaſon to thinke the worſe of her for the report of the world; for the world Seigneur perchance ſpeakes ill of you, or me.

Fle. Why, y'are inth' right, I haue heard ſome ſay, you were a very needy Knight, and that you had but one ſhirt to your backe when you came firſt to this Towne; Nay more, when your Lacky carried it to the Laundreſſe, it was found to be a womans ſmocke, that you had borrowed: but what? ſhould my Lady or I beleeue this now?

Kni. I hope ſhee doth not,

Fle. No,

Fle. No, no, no.

Pif. Come *Fleire* ſhall we ſee thy Ladies?

Fle. I, I, hoe, whoſe within there?

Enter Seruing-man.

Seru. What would you haue Maſter *Fleire?*

Fleir. Prethe ſhewe theſe Gentlemen vp into the great Chamber, and giue my Ladies notice of their being there, I haue a little buſineſſe my Lords, Heele conduct yee, yee ſhall finde a couple of your acquaintance there.

Exeunt: manet Fleire.

Could I but worke Lord *Piſo*, and my eldeſt Daughter, to make am both affect and loue each other, that marriage might vnite their harts togither: O then there were aſſured hope we might redeeme our honours loſt, and regaine our right in *Florence.* And for this Knight though he be poore, yet would he married were vnto *Felitia.*

For oft a louing husbands awfull eye,
Sets right the womans ſteps that went awry.
Heauen I know has grace ynough in ſtore,
To make moſt chaſt, a moſt laſciuious whore.

Enter the two Wenches in Boyes apparell.

How now? who haue we here? a couple of foote-men?

Su. You ſee ſir, we are not a horſe-backe.

Fle. How now my little fire-workes of wit? what? flaſhes and flames? tel me true, were you neuer Vſhers to ſome great mans Coatch-mares? did you neuer runne bare before them.

Nan. Neuer we Sir:

Fleir. Whither are you going?

Suſ. Sir, we want a ſeruice, and are going to get a Maſter.

Fle. Come, come, Ile preferre you both, thou ſhalt ſerue a Country-man of mine, hees going to trauaile: ſhalt goe with him, and thou ſhalt ſerue one of my Ladies.

Su. We would willingly ſerue two neare friends, becauſe

we are Brothers, and indeed two twins, and therfore are loath to be parted.

Fl. Two twins, that's all one, come, come, you ſhall ſerue am.

Nan. You ſhall pardon vs ſir.

Enter Flor, Sparke, Felec: Ruffell, Piſo, Knight, and Fromaga.

Flor. I hope youle not condemne me for my loue.

Spa. I haue no reaſon Lady.

Flor. I offered you vnaskt.

Spa. That which a number oft hath bought.

Flor. Partly they haue, and partly not, for I would haue you know, my function ſeldome ſels affection: what though I haue euill liu'd? repentant teares can waſh away my ſin, which ile powre forth like drops of winter raine, and now henceforth, euer ile this life abhorre, and to the earth my knees ile daily bow, to get mercy from heauen, loue from you.

Nan. O the diuell take impudency ſhe courts him.

Spar. Madam, the loue that I may giue you, fully doe inioy, but I haue ſworne with other loue then as a brother doth a ſiſter neuer to loue any.

Fel. O ſir, my fortunes are not fellowes with my birth, they make me ſtoope to baſe deiected courſes, but would you loue me, I would as ſwift as thought flie this life, and leaue luſtes fowleſt ſin, for fleſhly beaſts to ſleepe and wallow in.

Su. Shame to thy ſex, no more.

Ru. Lady in all the honeſt offices that friendſhip may commaund, commaund mee ſtill, but yet I haue not ſeene the face to which I owe ſo much of loue, as may iuſtly arreſt my affections, and when I doe, Ile pay ſo due a debt without impriſonment.

Piſo. Me thinkes yond Lady growes fayrer much then ſhe was wont, me thinkes her feature mendes, and her comely geſture, much hath drawne my heart to loue her, O but ſhee's a whoore

whore.

Nan. Gentlemen doe you lacke a Boy?

Spar. No.

Nan. O God, I am vndone.

Su. Sir do'y want a ſeruant?

Ruff. No.

Su: O Lord what ſhall I doe.

Piſ What canſt doe?

Na. Any thing that A Boy ſhould do.

Kni. Woot dwell with me?

Su. Tis partly as youle vſe me.

Kni. Ile vſe thee well.

Su. Well.

Piſ. Tell me, are you both content to dwell with vs two?

Both. As pleaſe you two.

Piſ. Then thou ſhalt liue with me.

Kni. And thou with me,

Spa. Come Gentlemen will you be going?

Both We attend you ſir.

Spa. Ladies our occaſions call vs hence, and I am ſorry we muſt leaue you. *Exeunt:* *Manent Piſo, and Nan.*

Flo. Gentlemen you all both haue, and euer ſhall bee welcome.

Piſ. Lady I will leaue you much affection more then I thought to lend you, but I deal on vſe, and haue much intereſt.

Fle. Caught I hope, hold hooke and line, hee's faſt by heauen.

Flo. My Lord, what you lend me, with much intereſt ſhall be repaide.

Piſ. Adew.

Flo. Fare you well refuſed,

Fel Contemn'd.

Flo. Diſdain'd.

Fel. Abus'd.

Flo. A dyes.

Fel. A ſhal not liue.

Flo. Diſdaine the Daughter of ſuch a Seigneor?

Fel. Contemne a Lady borne? ſiſter we are wrong'd.

Flo. But if youle conſent, I haue a proiect laid, that in requitall both of them ſhall dye.

Fel. You make my ſoule ſweet harmony, come lets about it then. *Exeunt. Finis Act: Secundi.*

Actus Tertius ſcena prima.

Enter the Ladies each with a Letter, and Fleire aſide.

Flo. Are we in priuate?

Fel. We are.

Flo. Pray Siſter what mouing lines of loue has your Knight toucht your affection with?

Fel. Faith his ſtile is plaine, onely a little courtlike ſilken phraſe it has, but I hope your Lord hath ſent rich wordes like iewels, for your eares againſt your nuptiall day.

Flo. Faith a wooes with lines that might perſwade another though not me, which Ile lend your eyes, vpon the like receiued courteſie from you.

Fel. With all my heart. *Change Letters.*

Flo. What haue we here? *Read.*

Lady I know the nobleneſſe of your diſpoſition, defends you from the leaſt Sparke of baſenes: wherefore I inuocate euery particular vertue of yours, to be Mediators to your beſt iudgement, for my better eſtimation in your loue: my affection is zealous, my intent honourable, my deſire marriage: thus deſiring your reſolued anſwere, I reſt.

Euer at your diſpoſure:
Iacke Haue-little Knight.

Vpon my life ſome friend did pen it for the foole.

Fel. Let me ſee what's this? *Reade.*

You the vnderſtanding ſpirit of a woman, let the ſplendor of your beauty, with ſome heat of your affection, ſhine vpon the creature that adores yee, and with the heauenly comfort of your loue, melt

melt and thaw diſpaire from my dying heart: which if it liue, it liues to loue, if dye, it dyes in loue, but howſoeuer t'is yours, 'twas made for you, liues by you, and dyes without you.

Yours in the moſt zealous degree of affection.
Don Piſo De Florence.

Siſter vpon my life, this is Son and heire to Duke *Piſo* that now is.

Flo. O would he were! but who ſo ere he bee, a muſt bee made a match, to giue fire to the Hell-blacke powder of our reuenge, yet your loue, the wiſe Knight and he, are two in one, there are no ſuch friendes as they.

Fle. Then let them march both hand in hand in one way.

Flo. Then ſhall be thus: theſe two beeing earneſt Suters for our loues, weele graunt vpon condition, that ſodainly they murther *Sparke* and *Ruffell*, but firſt to take the Sacrament, if euer it be knowne, as knowne t'will be, to keepe our names vnſpotted in the action; this being done——

Fel. Let them challenge vs, we and our loues are wonne: but ſay they ſhould reueale vs?

Flo. O none will breake a Sacrament, to heape vp periury on others ſinnes, when death and Hell ſtandes gaping for their ſoules.

Fel. But ſay they raile on vs.

Flo. If they doe, t'is knowne, we lou'd *Sparke* and *Ruffell*, and men wil thinke they kild am for our loues, ſince they liu'd in our fauour, theſe in diſgrace.

Fel. I like it well, come lets haſten it.
For this is euen as true as ere was text.
„Plots are but dreames vntill they take effect. *Exeunt.*

Fle. O God, I thinke the path to hell that women tread, is broder then the way men goe: how they walke by couples to the deuill?

Enter Piſo.

Piſo. O that I ſhould loue a whoore, a very common Co-
catriſe,

cattiſe, my thoughts are drown'd in a gulfe of ſinne, ſhee's a very Canniball, which doth deuour mans fleſh, and a Horſeleach that ſucks out mens beſt bloods perfection : a very priſoners box thats ope for euery mans beneuolence : and I am Heire vnto a Duke, yet loue her : doth any man here loue a whoore? I, who? I, I, I, tis I, an arrant puncke and common hir'de Hackney, and yet I loue her; I adore her, I doate on her, I worſhip her, O would ſome goodman would cut my throate and put me out of paine----of paine, O that nature would not make an honeſt woman!

Fle. Shee did, ſhee did my Lord.

Piſ. Ar't there? ſpeake, who was't?

Fle. Eue, Eue, my Lord, ſhee was honeſt.

Piſ. Art ſure on't?

Fle. I ſure my Lord, for there was no man to tempt her but her husband.

Piſ. I thought twas ſome ſuch Country Gentlewoman, O *Fleire*, *Fleire* I loue a whoore.

Fle. Why my Lord, were you neuer a Souldier?

Piſ. Yes, yes,

Fle. Why then tis your profeſſion, you neede not bee aſham'd of your trade.

Piſ. But *Fleire*, woot helpe me, woot helpe me man?

Fle. I, I, who i'ſt?

Piſ. Thy Lady, thy elder Lady.

Fle. O my Lord, loue her? why ſhee's a whoore.

Piſ. I *Fleire*, but ſhee may turne.

Fle. But ſhee is ſo much worne my Lord, ſhee's not worth turning now.

Piſ. Doe not vexe me, doe not torment me: doe not torture me vpon the racke of ieſtes, I tell thee if ſhee pleaſe, ſhee may turne.

Fle. I my Lord, taile to her game, like a buzzard Hauke, or ſo:

Piſ. Yet againe, now the Deuill take thy body, and damnation light vpon thy ſoule, deſtruction on thy bones, confuſion

fuſion in thy marrow, doſt ſcorne me, mocke me, vexe me, torment me? doſt? doſt? Ile hang my ſelfe, nay, Ile damne my ſelfe rather then loue thy Lady, and be abuſd by thee: I will, I will. *Exit Piſo: Enter Knight.*

Kni. O *Fleire* how does thy Lady?

Fle. I deliuered your letter ſir, and ſhee thanks you for't:

Kni. And how does ſhee? ha, how does ſhee?

Fle. Faith not well, ſhee has taken phyſicke, and your gentleman vſher there miniſters to her: ſhe's very great, and ſhee ſaies ſhee feeles much ſtirring in her belly.

Kni. Sure then *Fleire* ſhee has eaten too much raw fruit.

Fle. Vpon my life then, they be plums, and the ſtones make her ſwell.

Kni. Sure then t'is ſo, I ſhould ſend her ſome-thing to comfort her now being ſicke: what doſt thinke were beſt *Fleire*?

Fle. Send her an Oten Cake, t'is a good Northern token: ſir *Raphe Shaue* ſent his Miſtris one, but I thinke a meant to ride a iourney on her, and thought Otes would make her trauell well.

Kni. No, Oates is too great a binder after her Phyſicke, I care not if I goe and viſit her, and carry her a Woodcocke.

Fle. You'le goe alone ſir.

Kni. I, I meane ſo, but how ſhould I carry him *Fleire*?

Fle. Vnder your Cloke ſir, vnder your Cloke.

Kni. Mas, and thou ſaieſt true, Ile goe buy one ſtraight, and yet now I remember me, t'is no great matter if I deferre it till ſhee be well, it ſhall be ſo *Fleire*, I will.

Fle. O y'are of a French humour ſir, as inconſtant, as impacient: I thinke you haue ſcarce the patience to tel the clocke when it ſtrikes.

Kni. Tuſh, I keepe a boy for ſuch vſes.

Fle. For nothing elſe?

Kni. Yes, to weare a garded Cloke.

Fle. Not till you be richly married.

Kni. No, not till I be richly married: he ſhould weare one now, if my money were come out o'th Country.

Fle. I wonder you would be Knighted Sir, ſince your money is ſo long a comming, that you cannot maintaine your Knight-hood gallantly.

Kni. Faith I was Knighted to get me a good wife *Fleire.*

Fle. Get you a good wife? Why looke you Sir, ſpeake but the golden tongue very perfectly, marry you muſt ſpeake it well, and call ſome great Lord Couſen: t'will get you a better wife then three hundred pound ioynter: You may report you haue Cole-pits too, 'tis a warme commodity I can tell you: they may be ſent about by water; if they nere come, as your money doth not, you may curſe the windes, or complaine of ſhipwracke: and then though't be a lie t'is drown'd.

Kni. I, but ſay it ſhould bee prou'd afterwardes t'was not true.

Fle. True? Gods my life, ſhee's a wiſe woman that will goe as farre as New-Caſtle to ſearch the depth of a Cole-pit for your truth.

Kni. I would be loath to leaue my truth ſo farre hence.

Fle. But I am ſure heele bring his honeſtie no nearer hither; but that comes about by water too as his money does.

Kni. But *Fleire* is not thy Ladie a vertuous Gentlewoman?

Fle. O yes Sir, I often finde her in deepe contemplation.

Kni. Of what I prethe?

Fle. Of Aretines pictures.

Kni. I, I warrant her, O ſhee can endure no bawdrie, ſhee ſpits when ſhee heares one ſpeake on't.

Fle. Thats becauſe her mouth waters at it.

Kni. Shees wondrous muſicall too.

Fle. Verie true, ſhee euerie day ſings *Iohn for the king*, and at *Vp-tailes all*, ſhees perfect.

Kni. Be theſe good tunes *Fleire?*

Fle. Excellent, excellent Sir, farre better then your Scottiſh-Iigges.

Kni. Yet many of our Ladies delight much in the Scottiſh Muſicke.

Fle. I, with their Inſtruments.

Kni. Thou

Kni. Thou haſt a good wit *Fleire* : if I were a great man thou ſhouldeſt be my Secretarie.

Fle. And I hope I ſhould diſcharge the place ſufficiently : for I haue learning enough to take a bribe, and wit enough to be prowd : but whither are you going now ſir ?

Kni. Faith I am going to thy Ladies *Fleire.*

Fle. You will not ſpeake with am now ; for my Ladies will ſpeake with none but Gentlemen.

Kni. Why ſir, I hope I am a Knight, and Knights are before Gentlemen.

Fle. What Knights before Gentlemen, ſay yee ?

Kni. Faith I.

Fle. Thats ſtrange, they were wont to be Gentlemen fore they were Knighted : but for this newes Ile follow you.

Kni. Doe, and as occaſion ſerues Ile preferre thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Piſo, and Nan as his Boy.

Piſo. Why ſhould I loue her ? becauſe ſhees faire, becauſe ſhees faire ? becauſe ſhee's a whoore : for if ſhe were not faire, ſhee would not be a whore; and if ſhe were not faire, I ſhould not loue her : *Ergo*, if ſhee were not a whore I ſhould not loue her : well concluded wit, well concluded wit ; there is no man breathing could loue her but I, ſhee's a whoore, yet her beautie haunts me like a Ghoſt, I cannot ſleepe for't, her remembrance rides me like the Mare a nights, I cannot reſt for't, what ſhall I doe ? I ſhall burſt boy.

Nan. My Lord.

Piſo. Will thy tongue be ſecret ?

Nan. As the clapper of a Mill, my Lord,

Piſo. Is not that alwaies going ?

Nan. I my Lord, but I hope it ſaies nothing.

Piſo. O thou haſt wit I ſee, I am in loue my boy, I am, I am.

Nan. With whom my Lord ?

Piſo. With a verie Wag-taile, an arrant woman, a verie Peacocke whoſe pride is maintained by her taile.

Nan. Then it is maintained by the worthieſt part of her body.

Piſ. Come, your wit boy, your proofe.

Nan. If a hundred men in a company mee't, doth not the worthieſt man amongſt them, firſt take his place, & ſit downe?

Piſ. I graunt it.

Nan. And I am ſure my Lord, where ere the body comes the taile firſt takes his place, and ſits downe, and therefore I hope tis the worthieſt part of the body.

Piſ. O that I had the reaſon of a ſailour to know her like a rocke, that I might ſaile from her and auoide her: or as a vertuous man knowes ſinne, to loath and leaue it. And yet ſhee's wondrous faire, I would ſhee were as honeſt: kind viſage may reclaime her from her ſinne, and make her ſtoupe vnto her husbands will, as doth a wel-mand Hauke vnto the lure.

Nan. O I, ſhee has beene man'd already, ſhee knowes the lure and will come to any call.

Piſ. O but her beauty may excuſe the folly of her youth, tis want of maintenance hath ouerthrowne her, want & pride are two notorious bawds: want makes the nobleſt creature ſell her ſoule for gold, and pride doth make the gallants ſtoope to luſt.

Na. And often ſels pure honeſty, to clad her taile in glittering brauery.

Piſ. And tis wel done, let euery member weare that which it won: why ſhould the head ſtuddy to maintaine the foote?

Nan. Or the foote trot to maintaine the head?

Piſ. Why ſhould not euery member like a mechanicke man in a common-wealth, labour in his owne trade to maintaine it ſelfe? then ſince euery thing muſt liue, I will no more condemne beauty for being clad in luxury, but hence-forth I will loue her, and let my paſſion ſmoothly ſwimme a-long the ſtreame of loues affection: hence-forth I will no more with ſoule and hated thoughts, abuſe ſo rare a creature, whoſe behauiour and diſcourſe, inchantes the eares of men, and driues the world into a wonder————ay me!

Nan. Faith my Lord youle nere win a woman by ſighing, croſſing

croſſing your armes,and crying aye me! the onely way to win them,is to care little for am:when they are ſad, doe yee ſing: when they ſing and are merry,then take your time and put am too't:if they will,ſo: if not,let them ſnicke vp:if you will walke in my Lord,ile ſhew yee many principles I learn't of my Mother,they may doe your Lordſhip good.

Pif. Goe,goe,I will:but O vnhapy fate,
When youth and weakneſſe muſt ſupport our ſtate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fleire one way, Sparke, Ruffell and Petoune another way.

Spa. How now *Fleire.*

Ruff. Saue you *Fleire.*

Fle. Saue ye Gallants,O Segnior *Petoune*, ſhall you and I be friends agen?

Spa. Why are ye enemies?

Fle. No great enemies,a quarrell roſe betweene vs.

Pet. I doe not like ſuch quarrells,a ſtruck me ſir,and I proteſt and ſweare to you ſir,by this Trinidado, had I not taken the box on my cheeke,a had broke my Pipe.

Spa. Why didſt not ſtrike him agen?

Ruff. O no,his Fathers a Iuſtice.

Fle. Nay if the Father be of Peace, I ſee no reaſon the Son ſhould fight.

Ruff. What,a coward Segnior?fye,a coward?

Fle. A Coward?why thats his onely vertue, for a Coward abuſeth no man, but a makes him ſatisfaction: for if a wrong all men,a giues all men leaue to beate him, hee's like a Whetſtone,he ſets an edge on another,& yet a wil not cut himſelfe.

Ruff. Come,come,we muſt needs haue you friendes, and thou'lt doe him ſome good offices.

Fle. Who?I?with all my heart, but what i'ſt ſir? what i'ſt?

Ruff. Thou ſhalt commend his loue to Madam *Fromaga.*

Fle. His loue to her?what Segnior,in loue with my Ladies Ancient?

Spa. Why her Ancient?

Fle. Becauſe ſhee carries her colours for her, but tis in a

box:but Segnior you ſhall haue a good match on't, though ſhe be not rich, yet ſhee's an ancient woman,and is able to get her liuing,by Midwifery, & I can tel ye tis not the worſt trade going,conſidering how young and old,and al doe their good wils to ſet them a worke,and tis a good hearing, better they get then Lawyers,for your midwiues liue by the agreement betweene party and party,and the falling in of louers, but the Lawyers liue by the falling out of friedds.

Pet. I pray ſir what may ſhee be worth?

Flo. Worth? let me ſee, ſhee hath three yellow perewigs of her owne: ſhe hath a Fan with a ſhort ſilver handle about the length of a Barbors,ſiringe: ſhe has a looking glaſſe too, but that has plaid the prodigall Citizen with her, tis broken, and much other goods of the ſame nature.

Spa. But come Segnior,how will you woe her?

Pet, I will tell her ſhe is ſo wiſe, that neither age nor time could couſen her of beauty.

Fle, And by my faith that will doe well.

Pet. I will tell her that I loue her moſt for the whiteneſſe of her skin.

Fle. But you may not ſay the ſweetneſſe of her breath, for that ſtinkes.

Pet. I will praiſe the ſmalneſſe of her fingers.

Fle. But I aſſure you may better praiſe the length of her Nailes.

Pet. I am affraide that being old ſhe has a dry hand.

Fle. Thats certaine,but ſhee hath a very moiſt noſe, you may praiſe her for that:but my Gallants,why are ye ſuch ſtrangers at our little Court?

Spa. Becauſe thy Ladies liue like the Beadles of Bridewell.

Fle. Hows that ſir?

Spa. By the ſinnes of the people.

Ruff. They ſay the Lord *Piſo*,hath beene a good Clyent to thy elder Lady of late.

Fle. The more foole hee? why your good Clyent is but like

like your ſtudy gowne, ſits in the colde himſelfe, to keepe the Lawyer warme.

Spa. And what fees haſt thou out of their trade?

Fle. Faith my fees are like a Puny Clarkes, a penny a ſheet.

Spa. How a penny a ſheet?

Fle. Why if any lye with them a whole night, I make the bed ith morning, and for that I haue twopence, and thats a penny a ſheete.

Ruff. What Gallants vſe to come to your houſe?

Fle. All ſorts, all nations, and all trades; there is firſt Maſter *Gallant* your Britaine, Maſter *Metheglins* your Welchman, Mounſieur *Muſtroome* the Frenchman: Seignior *Fumada* the Spaniard, Maſter *Oſcabath* the Iriſhman: and Maſter *Shamrough* his Lackey, O and Maſter *Slopdragon* the Dutchman. Then for your Tradeſmen, there comes firſt Maſter *Saluberrimum* the Phyſitian, Maſter *Smooth* the ſilkeman, Maſter *Thimble* the Taylor, Maſter *Blade* the Cutler, and Maſter *Rowell* the Spurrier: but Maſter *Match* the Gunner of Tower-hill comes often: he has taught my Ladies to make fire-workes, they can deale in Chambers already, as well as all the Gunners that make am flie off with a traine at Lambeth, when the Mayor and Aldermen land at Weſtminſter: but come Seignior, you haue Tobacco, and ile giue you a Cup of Muld Sacke & weele eene goe drinke a health to our Miſtreſſes.

Exeunt.

Finis Act. Tertij.

Actus Quartus.

Enter the two Ladies Flo and Knight, and Fromaga one way: Sparke, Ruffell, Petoune and Fleire, another way.

Flo. Health to our beſt eſteemed friends, Maſter *Sparke*, and Maſter *Ruffell*.

Fle. Our good wiſhes euer wait vpon our beſt beloued friends Maſter *Ruffell*, and Maſter *Sparke*.

Ambo. Wee

Ambo. We both are much indebted to your Ladiſhips.

Fleir. Looke ye Seigniour thats ſhee: whoſe loue meanes to aſſault your braines, ſince you haue blowne vp your owne ſconce with Tobacco.

Pet. As I am truly generous, ſhee's modeſt.

Faire Miſtris, you are ſo wiſe, that neither time nor age could euer couſen you of beauty, and I ſweare euen by the Alpes high heauen-touching tops, the trauailours narrow paſſage, and by the towring head of high mount *Cbiego*, the Seamans ſouth-ward marke: by theſe the witneſſes vnto my trauaile, I doe vow that you are paſſing faire.

From. If I be not faire Sir, I muſt be foule.

Pet. A foule Lady? what bird might that be?

Fro. A foule Lady? y'are a ſawcy lacke to call me ſo, that you are.

Pet. O be not angry, for I proteſt I cannot but commend the whiteneſſe of your skin.

Fro. Marry muffe, I thinke a be a Tanner, and meanes to buy me for my skin.

Pet. Gods me; ſhee's angry, what ſhall I doe now Seignior?

Fle. To her agen man, doe not leaue her, the Moone is now vpon change, ſhee will turne.

Pet. I pray you Lady know me by the title of ſome kindneſſe.

Fro. Kindneſſe; faith Sir you are miſtaken in me, you muſt ſeeke your flurts ſome other where, and I pra'y come not to make a foole of me: alas man though I am a waiting-woman doe not thinke I ſpend my time in nothing but tempering of colours, working of drawne-worke, warming of ſmocks, and pinning in of ruffes, faith yes.

Fle. And you come to her Seigniour, you muſt come to her as Country-Gentlewomen doe into the faſhion, that is: in the taile and latter end on't.

Fro. Faith I, and yee come to begin your knauery on me, Ile take you downe: I am none of your young ſimpering waiting-

ting-women, that are aſhamed to be counted proude, & therefore ſuffer euerie Seruing-man to vſe them at their pleaſure.

Pet. Now on my conſcience Miſtris, my loue is honeſt, and I deſire marriage.

Fro. Indeede if you meane marriage, I am content to beare the more with you: but I pra'y ſir, when ſhall we be married? by my troth I aske you, becauſe I haue beene ſo often deceiued, I warrant you, I haue beene promiſed and dealt vpon promiſes in the way of marriage aboue an hundred times.

Pet. At our next meeting we will ſet downe a day for the effecting of it.

Flo. Gentlemen, we haue ſome ſmall diſcourſe which a little requires ſecrecy, therefore if it pleaſe yee to walke in, and make vſe of our better roomes, we will not long be abſent from you.

Sp. & Ruf. With all our harts. *Exeunt.*

Manent two Ladies, the Lord and Knight: Felicia, and the two Wenches diſguiſed, hide themſelues.

Flo. Worthy Lord, doe not thinke immodeſtie in mee, though contrarie to the baſhfull habite of my ſexe, I am inforc'd by loues almighty power, to reueale the ſecretes of my hart. Your letters haue ſo much preuailed with me, that in a word I muſt confeſſe I loue you.

Fel. Worthy Knight, I would my wordes had but the power to worke in you, that which your lines haue done in me, then ſhould the happy conſolation of my life dwell euer in your loues embracements.

Kni. Aſſure ye Lady, your gift of loue to me ſhall be deſerued, though nothing but my liues deare breath requite it.

Piſ. And I will rather die a ſhamefull death, then liue a hatefull life, which I muſt doe vnleſſe I find a meanes that may deſerue your loue.

Flo. Now your tongue goes like a well-tuned inſtrument, and makes my hart within my boſome daunce with ioy, to heare ſuch large requitall of my loue: but durſt you to maintaine this your affection, although it were with ſome daunger

of your life?

Piſo. Durſt I? I vow, euen by my ſoules eternitie, I durſt.

Flo. Alas, if you knew all, t'is your owne good, not mine: and yet I lie, t'is my good too, ſince my life depends vpon your ſafetie.

Piſ. What is't deare Ladie? although it be the death of man, if it be pleaſing vnto you Ile doo't.

Flo. O let me embrace ſo deare a ſpirit in ſo deare a boſome: and ſince you haue bound your ſelfe by promiſe, I will be plaine, there are two that hate you two, becauſe we loue you, and often haue perſwaded vs by gifts and large proteſtations to haue vs loue them if they kil'd you.

Piſ. What vs?

Kni. Who we?

Flo. Nay t'is too true; for while you liu'd, they ſaid there was no hope for them to looke for any loue from vs: now we poore ſeely women, fearing leaſt they without conſent of vs, ſhould doe that which their hatred doth intend, we thinke it fit preuention firſt be vſed, by giuing them to drinke of what themſelues haue brude.

Piſ. Firſt murther them.

Fel. True, ſo ſhall yee then be ſure,
T'inioy our loues, we yours, and liue ſecure.

Piſ. But what are they Ladies?

Flo. Sparke. *Fel.* And Ruffell.

Piſ. They die for't though they were my Fathers Sonnes.

Kni. They ſhall not liue.

Piſ. Let little children feare the ſhallow Brookes, for I can ſwim though't be through Seas of bloud; let fooliſh feare goe dwell with women, for bloudie reſolution ſhall not part from me, Ile kill them both euen with mine owne handes, Ile doo't.

Flo. O no, Ile reueale it then, vnleſſe you firſt doe ſweare and take a Sacrament, what euer hap to keepe our names vntoucht.

Piſ. Vntoucht? weele doo't.

Fel. Then

Fel. Then for the meanes:

Kni. Weele ſtabbe them.

Piſ. Weele fight with them.

Flo. No, ſo you may miſſe them, and they kill you.

Fel. Giue them a Figge.

Flo. Make them drinke their laſt.

Fel. Poyſon them:

Piſ. But for the meanes.

Flo. You two ſhall make a banquet, and in a cup of Wine a health ſhall paſſe.

Piſ. In which Ile mingle, mingle ſuch a dram, as they ſhall ride to heauen in poſt, vnleſſe they miſſe the way.

Kni. But where ſhal we get the poiſon? becauſe you know t'is daungerous, and will breede ſuſpect where ere we buy it.

Piſ. I haue a Country-man in towne an Apothecarie, one *Seignesur Alunio*, a fellow that is well ſtor'd, and will ſell me of the beſt.

Nan. If a were of my minde, a would thinke no poiſon too good for you.

Flo. Come then, I would haue you goe about the preparation of the feaſt.

Exeunt.

Fle. Now boyes, you haue a couple of goodly maſters,

Nan. I *Fleire*, and thou haſt a couple of vertuous miſtreſſes, O they are a couple of damn'd peeces, that will plot or counſell the death of two ſuch worthie Gentlemen.

Su. For one of them the earth did neuer beare a worthier creature.

Nan. Which is that?

Su. Which is that? why ſiſter, haue you ſo oft confeſt that his all perfection'd ſpirit points him out for vertue her ſelfe to imitate, and yet doy' aske now which is that?

Fle. How? ſiſter, nay now I ſmell you yfaith, doy' heare, doy' heare, whoſe Fidlers are you two? what inſtruments doo you beare I pra'y?

Nan. You haue told a wiſe tale, faith Sir we carrie none.

Fle. Tis true my little Muſitians, you cary but the caſes my little curtals, yfaith I ſmell a ſnocke heere too, and are ye two wenches yfaith.

Nan. If we were I hope thou wouldſt not wrong vs.

Fle No, as I am true Italian borne.

Su. Then tis true, we confeſſe to thee wee are both wenches, and the loue of theſe two Gentlemen, *Sparke* and *Ruffell*, hath made vs leaue our ſelues to waite on them, which by misfortune we did miſſe.

Fle. But beleeue me my little Gallants, yee play the Boyes well.

Nan. Well? why ile tell thee, I haue plaide the boy ſo long as I am chang'd into the nature of a boy, ile go to ſpancounter with any page in *Europe*, for his beſt garters, I can tell baudy tales, drinke drunke, brag, ſwear and lie, with any Lackie in the Towne.

Su: I can man a Puncke to a play, or ſlaunder any Gentlewoman, as well as any Innes a Court puny, I can as well as he ſweare ſuch a Lady is in loue with me, and ſuch a Citizens Daughter would haue come to bed to me, when all ſhall be as true as thy Ladies are honeſt.

Nan. I wonder thoult liue in ſuch a ſinfull place.

Su. Thy Ladies are as common as any Tauerne doore.

Fle. Good compariſons, for a man comes no ſooner into a Tauerne, but hees welcome, & the operation of the pot makes him not able to ſtand, when he comes out.

Nan. But what ſhall wee doe in this matter?

Su. Doe? Why complaine them to the Magiſtrates, & preuent the murder.

Fl. No, not ſo, ile tell you how't ſhal be, harke in your eares.

Both Doe it and we ſhall euer thanke thee.

Come lets about it then. *Exeunt:*

Enter Segnior Alunio, the Apothecarie in his ſhop with wares about him.

Al. Whats this? O this is *Arringus*; this makes the olde man able, and the young man luſty, ſtrengtheneth the nerues and

and doth concoct the blood, and her name is written on the box, becauſe my wife ſhould know it in my abſence: this is Ciuet, this comes from the Cats taile, I would mine were ſuch a Cat: this perfumes your Ladies, and not without cauſe, for ſome I meane whoſe ſweete breath is dead, and teeth mourne in blacke for the loſſe on't, this makes your young Gallants ſmell them, nine daies before they ſee them, like young poops: this drug is pretious and deere; whats this? O this is the ſpirit of Roſes, nineteene buſhells and a halfe of Roſes make but an ounce, and a dramme on't, tis made of the Quinteſſence of the water after the fifteenth diſtillation: none may kiſſe a Lady after ſhe hath annointed her lips with this, vnder the degree of a Lord at leaſt, tis worth nine poundes an ounce, yet I could neuer ſtill it ſo.

Enter Fleire diſguiſed.

Fle. Saue you Segnior.

Alu. Y'are welcome ſir, what doe ye lacke?

Fel. I want a ſeruice, and am by my profeſſion an Apothecarry, and ſhall be glad to be intertained by you.

Al. What countryman art thou?

Fle. I am a Florentine borne.

Alu. Thou art my country man, and therefore welcome and in happy time, for I am bound for Italy, and want a man to take charge of my Shop, onely this is all: I ſhall require of you be carefull of your cares, and obedient to your Miſtreſſe.

Fle. I ſhall remember ſtill not to forget what you giue me in charge.

Alu. What is thy name?

Fle. Iacomo,

Alu. Well *Iacomo*, if I find thee honeſt, thou ſhallt find me liberall.

Fle. I would be loath to be found otherwiſe.

Alu. Continue ſo, I prethee, and ſo farewell *Iaques*, but ile enforme my wife before I goe, to reſpect thee according to thy merit. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Piſo and Knight.

Fle. Now come away my cuſtomers, I hope I am fitted for an Apothecary, S'heart I think ime turnd coniurer, for I haue no ſooner cal'd, but the diuils are appeared, what doe ye lacke Gent'lemen.

Piſ. Wheres your Maſter, fellow?

Fle. My Maſter is gone into *Italy* ſir, but if yee want any thing, ile vſe you well, if you want any drugs to make Lotiums, any Reſtringent Powders, any Aqua Mirabilis, any Coriall receipts, or any Pretious Poyſons?

Kni. What poyſons haue you?

Fle. Excellent good ſir, as euer was taſted, looke you ſir, this poyſons by the ſmell, this by the ſight, and this by the taſt.

Piſ. Come giue me ſome of this that poyſons by the taſt, but how muſt I vſe it?

Fle. Put it into a little Wine, and drinke it, twill bring you into a long ſleepe.

Piſ. But art ſure twill poyſon a man?

Flei. Am I ſure on't? why take't vpon my credit, twill poiſon any vermine except it be a woman, for twill poyſon a Cat ſir.

Kni. Why a Cat hath nine liues ſir, and wilt not poyſon a woman, ſeeing twill poyſon a Cat?

Fle. O no, why a woman hath nine Cats liues, a woman hath more liues then a horſe hath diſeaſes, & ſhe will be ſometimes in as many mindes in an houre, as ſhe has liues.

Piſ. What times are thoſe?

Fle. When ſhee's left a rich Marchants Widdow, commonly, and hath many ſuiters, ſhe wil in her mind marry three or 4 and 50 of am in an afternoone, and threeſcore more when ſhe goes to bed, yet inthe morning ſheele haue none of them all, but goe to Church before day, and marry her Prentiſe for the good ſeruice a did her in her Husbands time.

Piſ. Well, but whats the priſe of your poyſon?

Fle. Theres an ounce will coſt you a French crowne ſir.

Kni. Tis very deere.

Fle. O

Fle. O ſir tis very cheape conſidering the goodneſſe on't.

Piſo. Yea?is their good in ill?

Fle. O ſir,I,in many things the better the worſer.

Kni. As how?

Fle. As in poyſon,or in a puncke, for the better whoore the worſer woman euer.

Piſ. Well honeſt fellow,theres thy mony and farewell.

Exit

Fle. I thanke you ſir, I haue ſould you a poyſon my olde elders,twill make an ſleepe indeed, and I thanke God thats the worſt twill doe,well,farewell Maſter Apothicary, I muſt now like a friend intreat your ſhop to haue a ſpeciall care of it ſelfe.

Exit.

Enter Sparke, Ruffell and Petoune.

Ruff. And ſhall we dine with this Honourable Lord and Knight to day?

Spa. Theile take it vnkindly elſe.

Ruff. Segnior will you goe?

Pet. Not I, I was not bid.

Ruff. Thats al one,ſhalt be my gueſt.

Spa. Come,a ſhall goe,for there will be his Miſtreſſe Madam *Fromaga.*

Ru. Nay then I know the Iet of her complexion, wil draw the ſtraw of his loue thither.

Spa. Faith I,poore Segnior,I ſee the Springle of her beauty hath already caught the Woodcocke of his affections.

Pet. Wel,I ſee he that wil haue the commodity of good wits in his company,muſt indure the diſcommodity of ieſts, wit is is like the heat of blood in youth twill breake out.

Ruff. True Segnior,though it be but on a Scab, but come ſhall we goe?

Pet. I my Heroique Spirits,ile follow yee.

Exeunt.

Actus

The Fleire.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Petoune one way, and Nan the Page another way.

Nan. O Seignior *Petoune*, what newes?

Pet. Faith ill newes, the two Florentine Ladies, with Maſter *Sparke* and Maſter *Ruffell* were all poyſoned yeaſterday at a feaſt by your Lord *Piſo* and the Knight, but the Ladies haue recouered their health, but *Sparke* and *Ruffell* are dead, and their buriall is committed to *Fleire*: your Lord and the Knight are committed to priſon, and ſhall to morrow be arraign'd for the murther, and tride by the Ciuill-law, becauſe your Lord is a ſtranger, and claimes to be tride by the law of Nations.

Nan. Faith Seignior I am very ſorry for my Lord.

Pet. I proteſt Sir ſo am I for them both.

Nan. Well Seignior Ile commit you to God.

Pet. Let the whole band of Angels be centinels to your ſafety ſweet Sir. *Exeunt.*

Enter Fleire at one doore: and a Seruing-man at another.

Fle. I pray Sir doth Iuſtice *Ferrio* dwell here?

Ser. Yes ſir a dwels here.

Fle. Are you towardes him ſir?

Ser. I am a poore Gentleman, whoſe fortunes much depend vpon his fauours, and indeede ſir I am his Clarke.

Fle. I pray ſir your name.

Ser. My name is Mittimus ſir.

Fle. Good maſter *Mittimus* I would very willingly ſpeake with your Maſter.

Ser. Indeede ſir hee's not well, but if you pleaſe to ſend by me the ſubſtance of your buſineſſe I ſhall very carefully deliuer it.

Fle. Truly maſter *Mittimus* my buſineſſe is but this: to morrow the Italian Lord, and *Sir Iohn Hane-little* are to be araign'd,

araign'd, and your maſter being the chiefe Iudge of the Court, without his preſence or licence, the reſt can doe nothing: wherefore Doctor *Caius* intreates to know his pleaſure in this buſineſſe.

Matti. Sir I ſhall deliuer your meſſage, and will returne his anſwere to you preſently.

Fle. Good maſter *Mittimus* therein ſhall you much oblige me to be thankefull.

O all-directing power yeeld good aſpect,
And to my purpoſe giue a bleſſed end,
My intent is good, O let it ſo ſucceede,
And be auſpicious ſtill to each good deede.

Enter Serving-man with a Ring.

Ser. Sir my maſter hath receiued your meſſage, and hath ſent this Ring as a token to Doctor *Caius*, deſiring him, ſince my maſters health will not permit him to be preſent, to proceede alone to iudgement, and ſo commends his loue to him.

Fle. Good maſter *Mittimus*, I ſhall both deliuer your maſters commendations, and the Ring.

Exeunt ſeuerally.

Enter Lord Piſo with a Torch, a Night-cap, and his Doublet open: In priſon.

Piſo. Still tongueleſſe night put off thy ſable robe,
Thou needs not mourne, my villanies were done
By day, thou hadſt no hand in them, O I am great, as is a
Woman that is neare her time:
And life's the burthen that I beare.
But t'is a baſtard for that I am aſha'md on't.
The Law I hope is a skilfull midwife, and will ſoone deliuer me; grim Iuſtice doe thy worſt.
Thy cruelty ſhall prooue a curteſie,
And baile me out of priſon.
Lie there thou ſelf-conſuming Taper, true patterne of my life,
I haue conſumde my ſelfe for others, as thou haſt done for me,
and now ſhee has extinguiſht my life as I this light.

O how obedient was my bounty, ſtill
To her commaund? my liberality
Did fatten miſchiefe, and hath made her prowde:
O that too much of any thing ſhould be ſo ill in euery thing
The Suns all-ſeing eye, with too much vntemperate heate
makes wither what it made to flouriſh.
The earth being mother to all wholſome hearbes,
With too much fatneſſe oft produceth weedes.
A ſute of cloath doth keepe the body warme,
When richer garments makes the wearer prowde.
O, the meane's the ſweeteſt Muſicke;
Contentment reuels when that ſtring is toucht;
But O, the time will come ſhee will repent
My death: for when ſhee lookes on vices face
Vnmask't like mine; ſhee will deteſt and loath it.
For this is truth and euer-more hath beene,
"None can forſake before he knowes his ſinne. *Exit.*

Enter Fleire, Sparke, and Ruffell.

Fle. Come, come, thou didſt but dreame thou wert in hel.

Sp. I tell thee I was in hell.

Ruff. And ſo was I too, Ile be ſworne.

Fle. And how long was't ere thou cameſt thither?

Sp. Me thought t'was long, as long as a ſuit hangs here in the Law ere it be ended.

Fle. But I prethee how broade was the way to hell?

Sp. As broade as the ſpace betweene two lines in a Chancery bill.

Fle. O ſir, there's the conſcience on't, ſay the Plaintiffe be in one line, and the Defendant in an other, they being enemies, wer't either conſcience or honeſty in the Clarke to thruſt them no neare togither, that they might goe togither by theares? but yfaith what good fellowſhip was there in hell?

Sp. O the Deuils are excellent companions, theyle drinke your Dutch Captaines, or Court Ladies ſpunges.

Fle. Who

Fle. Who didſt ſee there?

Sp. Faith I ſaw the foure Sonnes of *Aymon*, and they were Porters euer ſince there was a company made of am.

Fle. Why are there a company of Porters in hell?

Sp. O I, the Deuils are but our Apes, man.

Fle. But didſt thou ſee more of them that were damn'd?

Sp. Yes, I ſaw a Cittizen damn'd for refuſing a deſperate debt, becauſe t'was tendred him on a Sabboth.

Fle. I hope we ſhall haue no more Cittizens damn'd for that fault.

Spar. There was a poore mercinary woman damn'd becauſe ſhee forſooke her Trade, and turn'd Puritane.

Fle. And good reaſon, why could not ſhee haue kept her Trade, and beene a Puritane, as well as a Puritane keepe her Religion, and yet be of her Trade?

Spar. There was a Lady damn'd becauſe ſhee neuer painted: a Puritane for ſaying Grace without turning vp the white of his eyes: A Tailer for neuer hauing ſcabbie fingers: A Vintner for making great two penny-worths of Sugar. But there was an Innes of Court man damn'd, and I was ſorry for him.

Fle. Why was he damn'd?

Sp. Alas for a ſmall fault.

Fle. I prethe what waſt?

Sp. For hauing alwaies money in his purſe.

Fle. Were there no Lawyers in hell?

Sp. There were none of your great Lawyers as your Serieants, and Benchers, for they take counſaile of too many good Angels to come there: but your young puny Lawyers, they were in ſwarmes like Gnats in Sommer.

Fle. Why are there ſo many of them there?

Sp. Alas man they ſeldome conuerſe with a good Angell, ſcarce once in a vvhole Michaelmaſſe Tearme, and if a come a ſtayes not long with am to feede theſe ſoules, for they are fayne to ſende am a-way ſtrayght to

pay for the feeding of their Horſes, there was a Chamber-maide damn'd for keeping her virginity till ſhee was marryed, and there were many Souldiers damn'd for ſaying their prayers when they were drunke.

Fle. But what didſt thou ſee in hell?

Ruff. O, I ſaw a Scriuener damn'd for procuring a Gentleman money Gratis, but I came in an excellent time.

Fle. What time wa'ſt?

Ruff. In a Goſſipping time, for *Proſerpina* was newly brought a bed of two twins.

Fle. Two twins! what were they?

Ruff. A Sergeant and a Yeoman, but ſhee has put them out to nurſe.

Fle. I prithee where?

Ruff. Faith at the Counter in Wood ſtreet, and the ſlaues will ſucke already like little Horſe-leaches.

Fle. But when will ſhee haue am home, that ſhee may be rid of am.

Ruff. Faith ſhee's an vnnaturall Mother, ſhee cares not greatly if they neuer come home, but the Deuill their Father he loues am well, heele haue am home againe ere long.

Fle. Which is the elder Brother?

Ruff. O the Sergeant, the Deuill allowes him the better maintenance, for he has more to the dreſſing of his meate.

Fle. Well Gentlemen, ſince by the heauens pleaſure I haue beene appointed to ſaue your liues, let me intreate you to keepe your ſelues ſecret till the ſequell of this action ſhall neede your preſence.

Ruff. Come lets goe, weele onely follow your directions.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter two Iudges with their traine, and ſit downe.

Iaylor. Wil't pleaſe yee haue the priſoners brought forth?

Caius. We can doe nothing till we heare from Doctor *Ferrio*, to know his pleaſure in theſe proceedings.

2. *Iudges.* Was any man ſent to him?

Caius. Yes, *Fleire*, the Lady *Floridaes* man, which is not yet returned.

Enter a Iaylor.

Iaylor. Reuerend Iudges: here's a Doctor at doore deſires admittance.

Caius. Intreate him to come in.

Enter Fleire like a Doctor.

Fleire. Learned Doctors, Doctor *Ferrio* commends him to you, and becauſe ſickneſſe hath laide ſo ſtrong a hand vpon his weake decrepit body, which dooth detaine his preſence, he intreates you to accept of me in his place, and as aſſurance of his earneſt deſire thereof, he has ſent this well knowne Ring as a token to you.

Caius. Sir, we know the Ring and you are very welcome, and ſo I pra'y aſſume his place.

Iaylor. Is it your pleaſure the Priſoners be brought forth?

Caius. I, both of them.

Enter Piſo Knight, two Ladies, two Wenches, Nan and Sue, Petowne, Fromaga.

Caius. My Lord, you are here indited of a hatefull crime, and I am very ſorry to ſee you in this ſort ſtand here.

Piſ. Thrice reuerend Iudges, and therfore honoured Lords,

I muſt confeſſe, that like a skillfull dancer, I haue truely footed folly, yet like a learner in my courſe of life, trode much out of meaſure, I haue liu'd like an vnbackt colt proud and wanton, my tree of life hath borne more leaues then fruit, I neuer was deboaſh'd and ſteard away my daies euen in a Sea of ſin.

Caius. And in that ſea my Lord, you bore ſo great a ſaile as you haue ouer ſet your barke of life, and heere you are accuſed my Lord, euen of a hatefull crime, ſo is the Knight there for poyſoning two Gentlemen, *Sparke*, & *Ruffell*, how doe you anſwere this my Lord?

Piſ. Alas my Lord, this is ſoone anſwered, for though that I haue ſurfeited on ſinn, yet haue I not bin drunke with blood.

Caius. What ſay you Knight?

Kni. The crime is great I muſt confeſſe my Lord, but I am ſure the proofe can be but little.

Cai. Ladies you know moſt, and therefore tis fitteſt moſt you ſpeake.

Fl. Why then my Lord, this is all wee can ſay, this Lord and Knight, feaſted diuers of vs their friends, but foure of vs he drench't with ſuch a dramme, which ſoone made two diſcharge the debt they owe to Nature.

Piſo. O conſcience wouldſt thou giue me leaue?

Fl. And we no doubt my Lords, had long ere this breathd out our liues like them, but that we had the leſſer quantity, for eing eſteemed the weaker veſſels, they thought the leſſer blow would breake vs.

Kni. O had not death arreſted me.

Fle. Why then my Lord, we thus muſt now proceed, they that ſpilt innocent blood themſelues muſt bleed; but Ladies I haue heard you had a man cald *Fleire*, whats become of him?

Flo. He was ſent to Doctor *Ferrio*, and we neuer ſaw him ſince.

Fle. Doe you know his hand Ladies?

Fel. Very well.

Fle. I pray you looke heere then.

Flo. This is his hand indeede.

Fel. I very perfectly doe know it to be his.

Fle. Why then vpon this hand I heere arreſt you both, vpon your liues.

Both. Who,wee?

Fle. I,you Ladies my Lord I pray you,read this Letter.

Cai. Reuerend Iudges,God will by ſome meanes puniſh euery ſinne,and though againſt my will, yet by my conſcience I am inforced to vnmaske my Ladies villanies,the murther for which the Lord & Knight are like to die, was firſt plotted by them:the two Pages with my ſelfe did heare:itthe priſoners in this action,are inforc't by Sacrament to be ſecret,and thus intreating heauen in iuſtice ſtill to aide yow.

Yours *Fleire* a Florentine

Canus. Is this true my Lord?

2.*Iudge.* They are ſworne not to reueale it.

Fle. But being reuealed they may affirme it.

Both. Tis too true my Lord.

Fle. Where are the Pages?

Both. Heere my Lord.

Fle. How ſay you boyes to this Letter?

Both. The Letter ſpeakes nothing but the truth.

Fle. Well Ladies, then we heere pronounce this ſentence that you muſt die among the reſt.

Flor. You powers diuine I know doe plainely ſee,
Heauens ſtarrie eyes ſees all our villany;
And God in Iuſtice murther will reaueale,
But were I now,my life for to beginne,
Ide be an honeſt wife to you,wherefore forgiue me deareſt L.

Piſ. Lady,I doe euen as I hope to be forgiuen.

Fel. Show mercy heauen my ſinnes doe thee offend,
Theres none can ſay hee's happy till his end:
Forgiueneſſe Knight,and ſince the law on vs,
Hath laide ſo ſtrickt a hand,O let me be
Thy wife before I die,and were I now
A thouſand yeares to liue,I would be honeſt
Louing none but thee.

Kni. I doe forgiue you Lady with my ſoule.

Enter a Meſſenger with Letters to Piſo.

Meſſ. Long liue my honourable Lord and mighty Duke of Florence.

Piſo. So a will, as long as't pleaſe the Hangman.

Meſ. My honoured Lord, your Father is deceaſed, and the ſtate of Florence by me hath ſent their Letters and allegeance.

Piſ. Let them call backe the baniſht Segnior *Antifront* whom they and we and all haue wrong'd: O could I liue but to inquire him out, in ſatisfaction of his worongs, ide marry his eldeſt Daughter, and whilſt a liu'd a ſhould be reſtored to his eſtate, but O hee's ———

Fleire ſhowes himſelfe to be Antifront.

Fle. Heere my Lord.

I taxe you to your word, Segnior *Antifront* yet liues,
And heeres his eldeſt Daughter whom himſelfe
But now condemn'd to die: and heeres the yonger
Left for you, the poyſoned men are here aliue againe,
Who did but dreame of death but yet doe
Liue t'enrich a nuptiall bed to you two,
And now ſince euery thing ſo well doth ſort,
Let all be pleas'd in this due comicke ſport,
Where's *Petronne?* he ſhall haue his Miſtreſſe too,
He moſt deſerues, for he did hotely wooe,
If we part friends, your hands vnto vs lend,
What was not well, weele next ſtriue to amend.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

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